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Perry Como

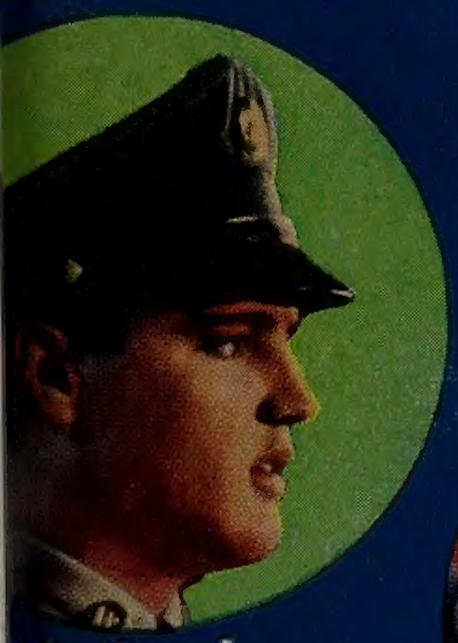
eal Glamour Guys: Roving Newsmen

•

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Gale Storm

BUSY BERT: THE PARKS WHO SPARKS ON TV & RADIO

BERT PARKS

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using ENDEN, you get a beauty shampoo and a dandruff treatment at the same time!



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Helene Curtis **ENDEN®** **dandruff treatment shampoo**

Don't try to brush bad breath away- reach for Listerine!



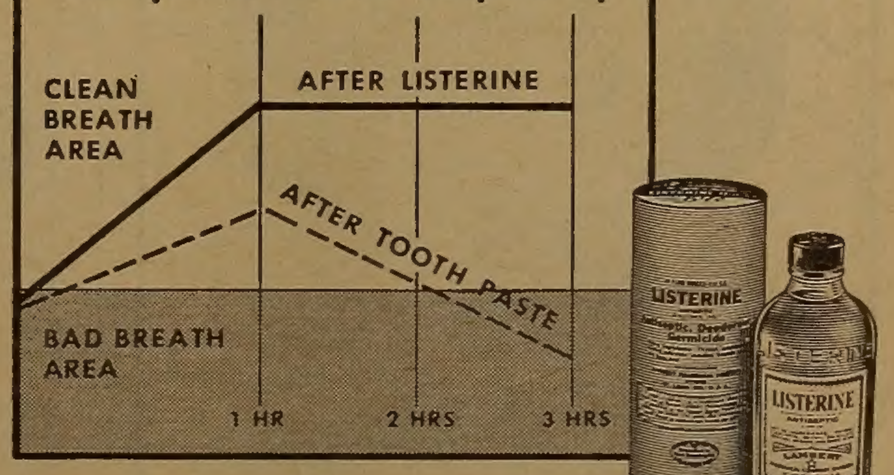
Almost everybody uses tooth paste, but almost everybody has bad breath now and then! Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . on contact, by millions.

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way.

Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.

DON'T TRY TO BRUSH BAD BREATH AWAY

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Reach for Listerine

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TVR

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a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-29, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



TV RADIO MIRROR

FEBRUARY, 1959 • ATLANTIC EDITION • VOL. 51, NO. 3

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"We're looking for people who like to draw"

By ALBERT DORNE
Famous Magazine Illustrator

Do you like to draw or paint? If you do—America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We'd like to help you find out if you have talent worth developing.

Here's why we make this offer. About ten years ago, we realized that too many people were missing wonderful careers in art...either because they hesitated to believe that they had talent...or because they couldn't get top-notch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. First, we pooled the rich, practical experience, the professional know-how, and the precious trade secrets that helped us reach the top. Then – illustrating this knowledge with over 5000 special drawings and paintings – we created a complete course of art training that folks all over the country could take right in their own homes and in their spare time.

Our training has helped thousands of men and women win the creative satisfactions and the cash rewards of part-time or full-time art careers. Here are just a few:

Busy New York mother, Elizabeth Merriss, now adds to her family's income by designing greeting cards and illustrating children's books.

Typist to Fashion Artist

Wanda Pickulski, of Rexford, N. Y., was able, with our training, to give up her typing job to become a fashion artist for a local department store.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Soon after she began our training, she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

New Mother Wins New Job

When Kathryn Gorsuch left her dull clerical job to have a baby she decided to make good use of the waiting months by studying art at home. By the time the baby was seven months old, Kathryn was able to go back to work for the same company, this time as a well-paid commercial artist.

Eric Ericson of Minneapolis worked in a garage, never had an art lesson before he enrolled with us. Now, he heads an advertising art studio and earns *seven times* his former salary.

Doris White of Wauwatosa, Wis., in just four months has painted and sold $750 worth of paintings . . . all in her spare time.

Changes Entire Life

Robert Meecham writes, from Ontario, Canada: "Your course has been the difference between failure and success for me. I've come from an $18-a-week apprentice to where I now own my own house, two cars, and hold stock in two companies."

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Free . . . Famous Artists Talent Test

How about you? Wouldn't you like to find out if you have talent worth training for a full-time or part-time art career? Simply send for our revealing 12-page Talent Test. Thousands paid $1 for this test, but we'll send it to you *free*. If you show promise, you'll be eligible for at-home training under the program we direct. No obligation. Simply mail the coupon today.

America's 12 Most Famous Artists


ALBERT DORNE

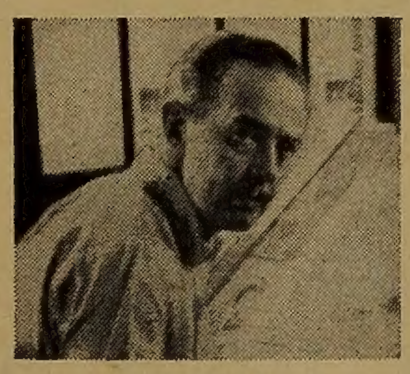

NORMAN ROCKWELL


JON WHITCOMB

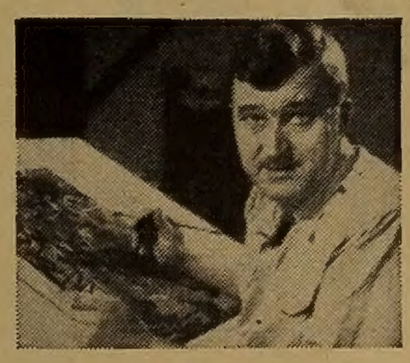

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goes to the movies

Mardi Gras

20TH CENTURY-FOX; CINEMASCOPE

Jerry Wald's production of a young-and-gay story about New Orleans' famed Mardi Gras. Diminutive French actress, Christine Carere, plays a role she fits perfectly—that of a diminutive French movie star, a recent import to Hollywood. As indeed it might have happened, she is sent with a bodyguard of studio representatives to be one of the glamorous beauties in the New Orleans Mardi Gras parade. The studio has no intention of letting her enjoy herself, but Miss Carere gets loose on the town. Meantime, back at V.M.I. Military Academy, the cadets have optimistically run a raffle to raise money for one lucky cadet to engineer a date with Christine in New Orleans. The school has been invited to send its band to appear in the Mardi Gras parade. And the lucky cadet, Pat Boone, happens to run into the masquerading movie actress. Fellow cadets Tommy Sands, Gary Crosby, Richard Sargent are involved in the resulting comedy of mixed identity. Lots of songs, lots of fun.



With not-so-certain smile, French Christine is held aloft in "Mardi Gras."

Auntie Mame

WARNER; TECHNIRAMA; TECHNICOLOR

All of the United States has had a chance to fall in love with Auntie Mame—the gamey sophisticate featured first in Patrick Dennis' two-year-plus best-selling novel—then as the heroine of two-year Broadway hit, now on film with the hilarious Rosalind Russell recreating her stage role. As a character, Mame has become a classic, being currently perpetuated by release of a new book, the title of which, "Around the World With Auntie Mame," promises a whole new batch of laughs. Morton Da Costa, who directed the play on Broadway, performs the same function for the movie—and has been careful to preserve all the wild attraction of the original characterization. Eleven-year-old Jan Handzlik, who appeared on Broadway as the youthful version of Mame's nephew, also appears in the movie. The slap-happy adventures of an orphan turned over to a loving, nutty opportunist aunt, guarantees an evening of entertainment for everybody. Excellent supporting cast sustains Roz Russell.



First Broadway cast—Roz and Jan H.—takes "Auntie Mame" on celluloid circuit.

Money, Women and Guns

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL; CINEMASCOPE

Western adventure-detection story, starring Jock Mahoney, who is familiar to TV viewers as the star of CBS-TV's *Yancy Derringer*. In the film, Mahoney plays a Western-type detective hired to track down the four men who have been named as beneficiaries of the profits of a claim staked out by an elderly prospecter—who has been bushwhacked and killed by a no-good Western gang. First name on the list is young Davey Kingman (Tim Hovey), who lives with his mother and grandfather on a rundown ranch. Love interest develops between the detective and mother (played by Kim Hunter), but many an adventure occurs before Jock can settle down to a placid married life.



Young heir Tim is sought by adventurer Jock, but Kim will have none of it.

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WIN THIS CAR LOADED WITH THIS CASH!



1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible

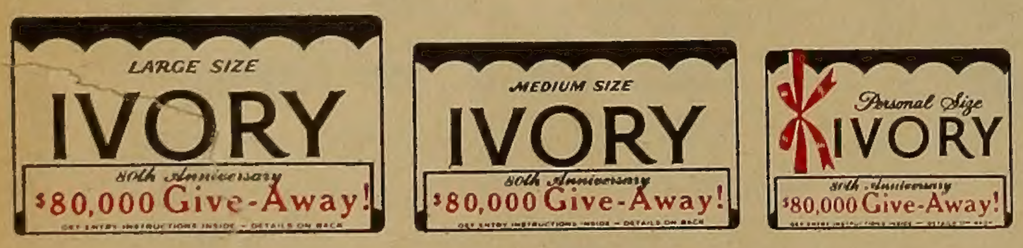


Actual photo of First Prize Silver Dollars

IVORY SOAP'S $80,000 GIVE-AWAY!

JUST ESTIMATE THE AMOUNT OF MONEY IN THE PILE ABOVE!

Closest estimate wins all the cash PLUS the 1959 Plymouth Convertible



Look for Ivory in these special Give-Away wrappers at your dealer's today.

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IVORY $80,000 GIVE-AWAY ENTRY BLANK

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

My estimate of the total number of silver dollars in the pile shown in the picture is:

$_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

DEALER'S NAME_____

I am enclosing 3 wrappers (or facsimiles of the face panel copied from any source) from any size of Ivory Soap.

☐ $5,000 Bonus Prize. Check (✓) here if your 3 Ivory Soap wrappers (or facsimiles) — include one from each size — Large, Medium and Personal—to be eligible for the $5,000 bonus prize.

Mail to: Ivory Give-Away, Dept. Z, P.O. Box 243, Cincinnati 99, Ohio. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 1, 1959, and received no later than midnight, May 15, 1959.

Plus $5,000 Bonus for 1st Prize Winner! (See Rules)

2nd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible plus half the amount of money in the pile

3rd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible plus one-third the money

4th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible plus one-fourth the money

5th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible

This $80,000 GIVE-AWAY Celebrates Ivory Soap's 80th Anniversary!

What a wonderful way to celebrate the 80th year of wonderful Ivory Soap. For over 3 generations America's favorite for bath and complexion care. White, floating, pure . . . today, as always, more doctors recommend gentle Ivory than any other soap for adult and baby's delicate skin.

T V R



IVORY "$80,000 GIVE-AWAY" ENTRY INSTRUCTIONS

1. Estimate the total number of silver dollars in the pile shown in the picture. Write your estimate on either a printed entry blank or a plain sheet of paper. Print your name and address plainly. The estimate closest to the actual amount of money in the pile shown in the picture will win first prize, the next closest will win second prize, etc. The first five prizes are as follows:

1st PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus the amount of money in the pile.

2nd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus half of the amount of money in the pile.

3rd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus a third of the amount of money in the pile.

4th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus a fourth of the amount of money in the pile.

5th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible.

Each bag shown in the picture is packed full of silver dollars, as obtained from a Federal Reserve Bank.

2. Mail your completed entry, together with three wrappers (or facsimiles of the face panel copied from any source) from any size of Ivory Soap, to: Ivory Give-Away, P.O. Box 243, Cincinnati 99, Ohio.

SPECIAL $5,000 BONUS

If your three Ivory Soap wrappers include one from each size—Large, Medium, and Personal (or facsimiles copied from any source), you will receive a $5,000 bonus if you are the 1st prize winner.

3. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must comply with all the rules and be mailed in a separate envelope. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 1, 1959, and received no later than midnight, May 15, 1959.

4. In addition to the five major prizes, there will be 75 other prizes as follows: 6th Prize will be a Natural Mink Stole, plus a sixth of the amount of money in the pile. 7th Prize will be a Natural Mink Stole, plus a seventh of the amount of money in the pile. 8th Prize will be a Natural Mink Stole. 9th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set, plus a ninth of the amount of money in the pile. 10th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set, plus a tenth of the amount of money in the pile. 11th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set, plus an eleventh of the amount of money in the pile. 12th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set. The next 68 Prizes will be a matching set of a man's and a woman's Bulova Wrist Watch. All money prizes will be awarded in silver dollars or check, whichever is preferred.

5. In case of ties, which are quite possible, tying contestants will be required to complete a statement about Ivory Soap. The most apt of the tie-breaking statements, written in the contestants' own words and expressing the contestants' own thoughts, will be selected and rated for prizes. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties in statements judged. Only one prize will be awarded to any winner or family.

6. Entries are limited to residents of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii, except employees of Procter & Gamble, its advertising agencies and their families. Government regulations apply.

7. Judges' decisions will be final. Mechanically reproduced facsimiles will be disqualified. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Procter & Gamble for any and all purposes. The winners or tying entrants will be notified by mail about 8 weeks after close of contest. A list of winners will be available upon request approximately 3 months after close of contest.

1959...IVORY SOAP'S 80th ANNIVERSARY

WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

By BUD GOODE



For a Sothern saga on five little kittens and how they are growing, ask Ann who baby-sits with a litter brought home by teen-age daughter Tish.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS: **John Guedel, Ralph Edwards, Art Linkletter** and **Goodson-Todman** have gone into the book publishing business. When asked what kind of books they were going to print, Ralph Edwards said, "All kinds." But the boys have no name for their company yet. So many important people involved, they didn't know whom to give top billing to? How about using the first letters of your last names, fellas . . . then you could call the company G.E.L.T.

Speaking of money—and who doesn't—now it's diamonds and **Jack Benny** that are a girl's best friends. Jack whose TV characterization has won him the "stingiest man in town" title, is in real life about as tight-fisted as Santa Claus in an orphanage. When the wives of **Bob Hope, David Niven, Dean Martin,** and **Bill Holden** guested on his show, he gifted them with combination pearl and diamond bracelets—four strands of pearls, at that. The pearls were separated by diamonds and with an added cluster of flashing diamonds for a clasp. The girls were nervous as goose-bumps before they went on the show. Now they can't wait to be asked back. Benny, by the way, may re-design his show next season and only be seen on occasional specs à la *Lucy*.

Speaking of re-designing, actor-turned-architect **Ray Milland**—while waiting for Revue to find ten more sure-fire scripts for his under-wraps TV series—is designing a new Mexican modern home for his family. Ray has already built a Tahitian modern on Balboa's Lido Isle, lives now in a Beverly Hills modern built around a pool. Ray needs more room, now that his son Danny is back from the Air Force . . . though Danny's seldom home these holidays—he's been wrapping Xmas packages at I. Magnin's, all 6′ 5½″ of him. He's so tall, Ray can't look him in the eye to bawl him out. He doesn't dare. Danny lives at such a high altitude, it's no wonder he chose the Air Force. (*Continued on page* 18)

For What's New On The East Coast, See Page 66

WRITE YOUR OWN Rx



TV is no one-way glass; Dave really sees his constant loyal boosters—in his mind's eye, at least.



Wintertime, and the rhythms are hot stuff. Comes the thaw, Rodmans go fishing near Ashburnham.

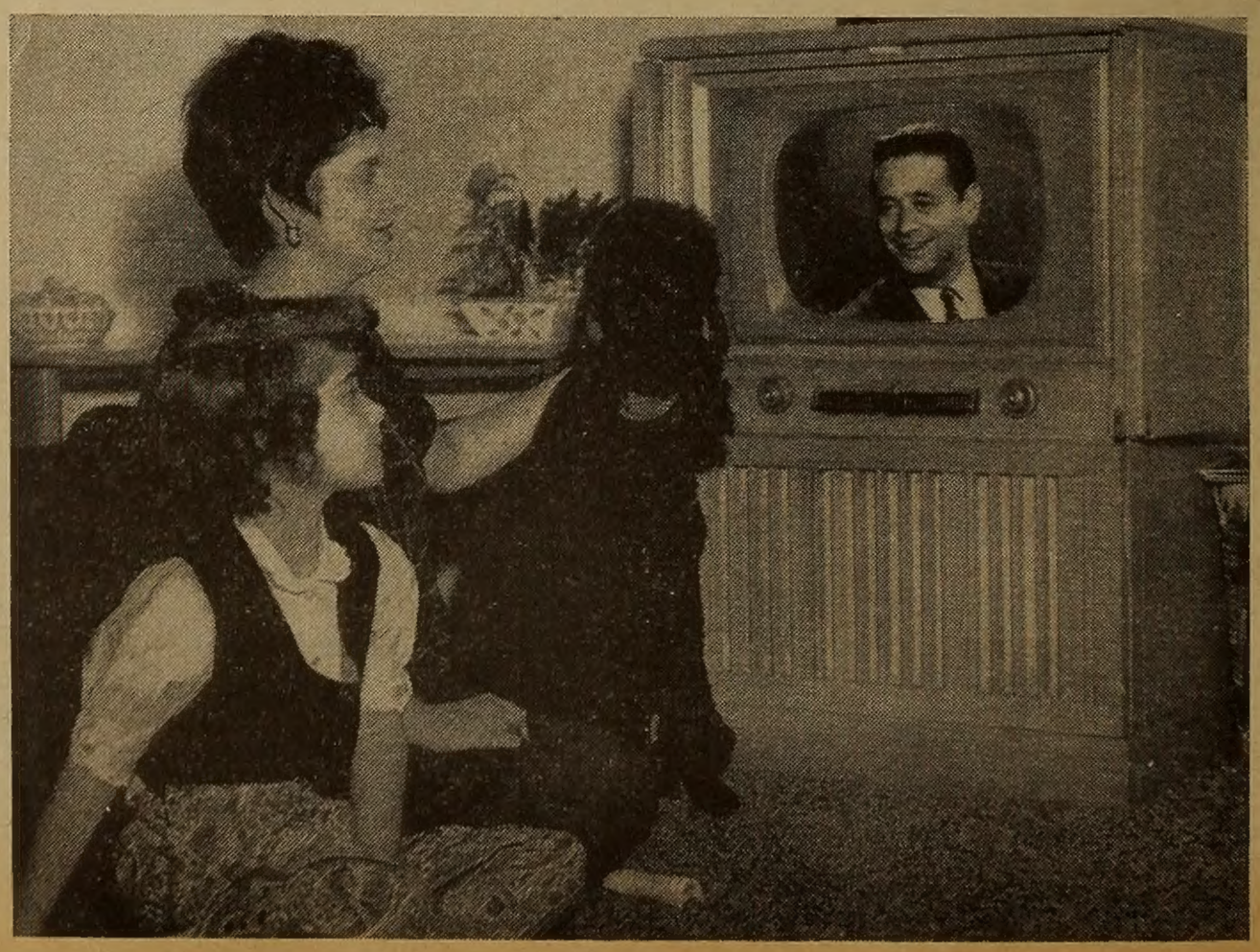


Blow, winter winds—ladies of the house are warm as Danish "toast" of special Sunday "room service."

Dave Rodman followed his own prescription to top success as an announcer on WNAC-TV

FIGURING it was just what the doctor would have ordered, young Dave Rodman prescribed for himself a big change in career plans. He's now the 11 P.M. newscaster for WNAC-TV in Boston, but there was a time Dave thought he'd study pharmacology—until he came to think of the corner drugstore primarily as a retreat for Cokes and burgers after classes at English High.
A boy with a fine speaking voice and a wide variety of interests, Dave felt he could make a career in broadcasting. Choosing Emerson College for his liberal arts and specialized studies, Dave embarked on career at WLNH in Laconia, New Hampshire. After a stint in the Navy as a hospital corpsman, Dave returned to Massachusetts and Fitchburg's Station WEIM, where he covered sports and news, music, quizzes, and special events, meanwhile acting as program director. In his off hours, Dave did stock with the Lake Whalom group and the Stratton Players, volunteered for a full complement of community service, traveled—Puerto Rico and Mexico—and developed into a serious student of the political scene. It was his rare combination of broad interests and experience which won him the staff announcership at WNAC over some 57 other highly qualified young applicants from all over the country. . . . But Fitchburg was good for Dave in other ways, too. While "stationed" there, he met the girl he was to marry. Betty Jane Solomon was WEIM's record librarian till she became Mrs. Dave Rodman. When they returned to the Hub for their wedding at Hotel Kenmore, Dave never figured he'd soon be working just around the corner at WNAC. The Rodmans have a five-year-old girl, Joy Lynn—a talented youngster who follows her dad's prescriptions for lots of singing, dancing and work at the drawing board. Prescribing for himself, Dave's Rx is RelaX—but not until each evening's edition of *Late News* is served up hot on the airwaves.

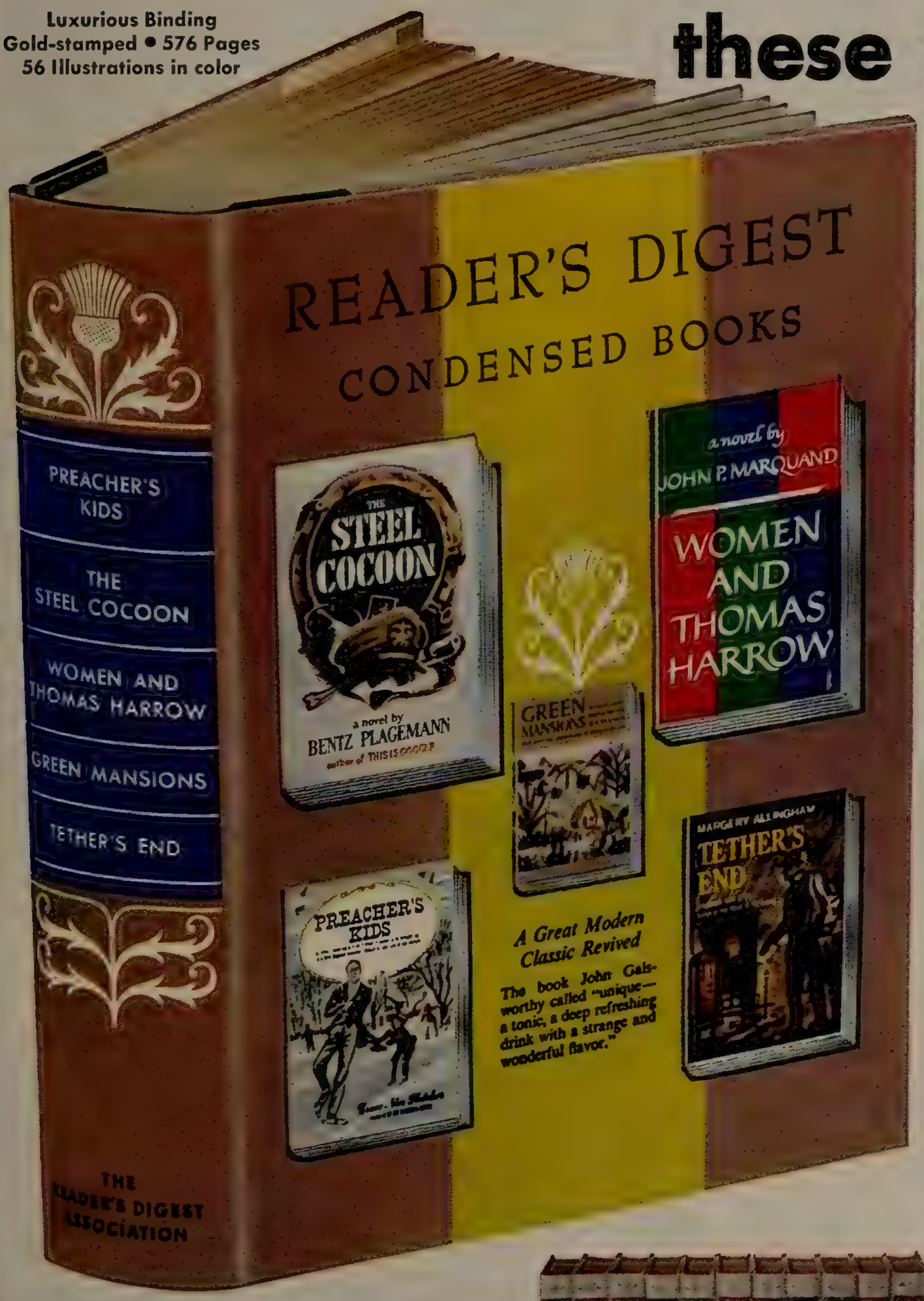
Three for Dave's show: Joy Lynn, five; Betty; and "the international set"—social-climbing poodle from Paree.



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CONTENTS — BOOK 402

POSTMASTER: This Parcel May Be Opened For Postal Inspection If Necessary.



Scottsdale: Old and New West

26 Men and their "captain" commute no more—"on location" means all the comforts of home

TALK ABOUT "aging gracefully," the Old West, by and large, never had a chance. Beset with growing pains from its earliest frontier days right up to modern times, the towns of the West had no leisure for "sentiment"—for worry that builders were bulldozing history in the wreckage of corner saloon and hitching post. Scottsdale, Arizona, was one town with a difference. Better, it was—in climate, view, fresh air, and those scrupulously maintained landmarks and feel of the Old West. To this day, horses (what else!) have right of way along Mane Street.

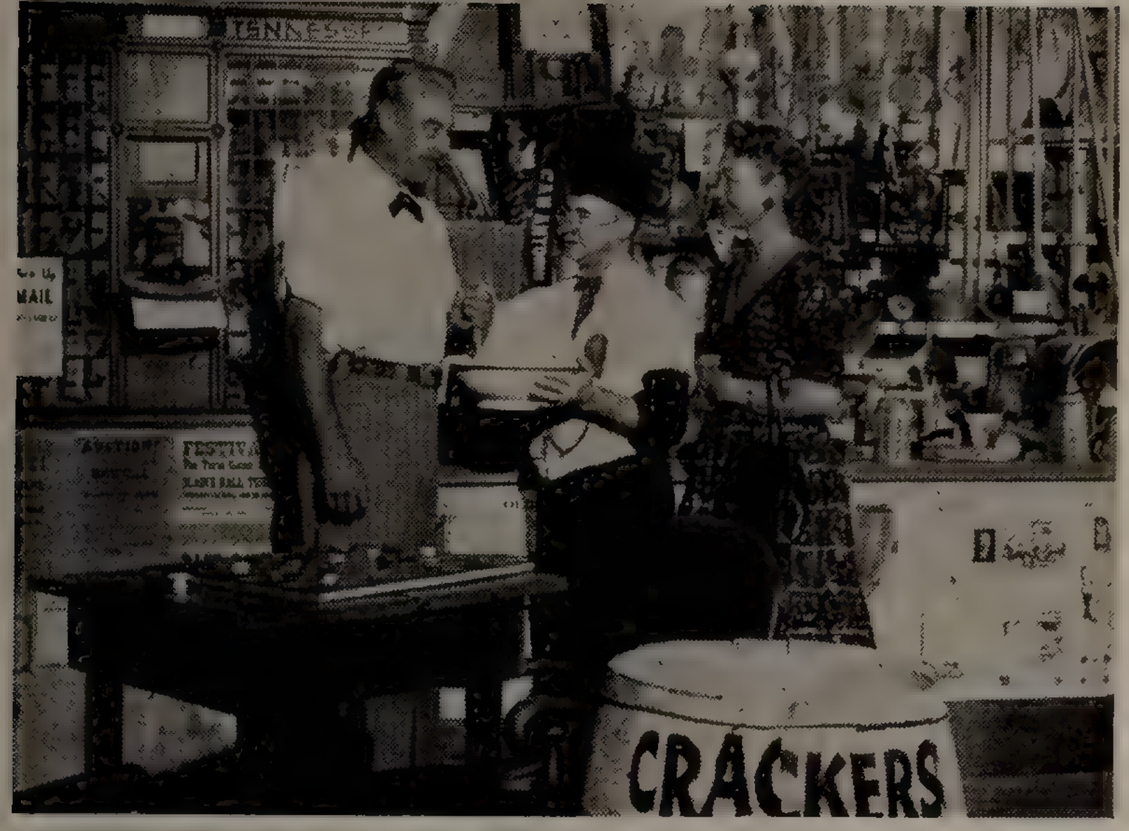
Who could ask for anything more? Not *26 Men* and their Captain Tom Rynning. Scottsdale, they found, was the completely authentic locale for the Western series now syndicated to 200 stations. Long a mecca for the retired, the exurbanite and the average joe, it seemed forever summer, and the livin' was easy.

Tris Coffin, star of *26 Men*, started work on location as a "reverse commuter," flying home to Santa Monica on weekends. But recently, Tris and wife Vera, out for a day's shopping, were reminded once more that, behind the historic façade, their town was new with shops and cafés as chic as any Hollywood might boast of. Westerners, but moderns, too, Tris and Vera felt right at home with those contrasts of old and new, decided to buy a house and move to Scottsdale from their home in Santa Monica.



Still cameras went along the day Tris and Vera Coffin toured Mane Street of Scottsdale. At top, note contrast between New West (couple at left) and Old (*26 Men* set) as seen by member of the cast (figure at far left).

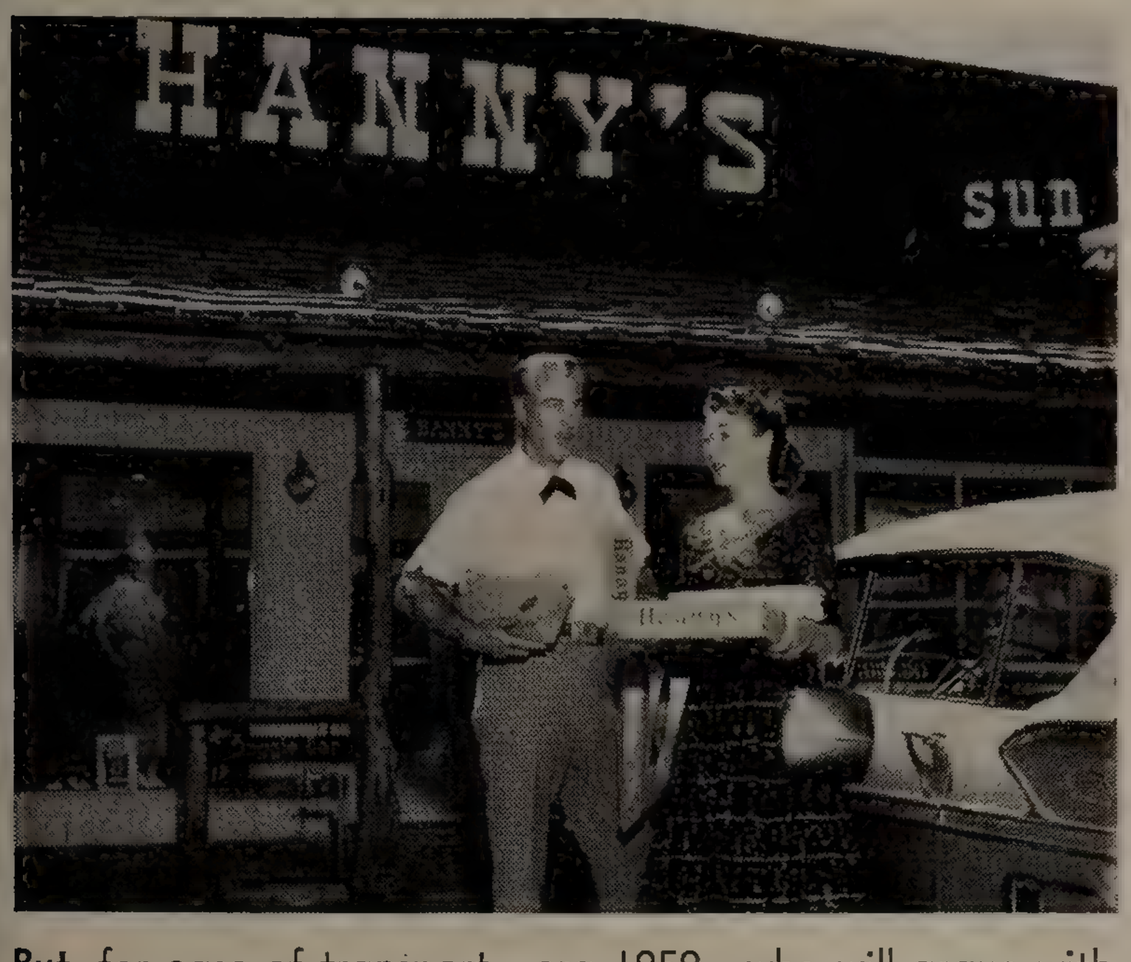
26 Men, which tells the story of the famed Arizona Rangers, is filmed on location in the environs of Scottsdale and Phoenix, Arizona. It is currently being syndicated to some 200 stations in the U.S. and abroad. See local newspapers for time and station in your area.



Nearby old cracker barrel in Bayleff's country store, Tris and Vera get sales talk from proprietor, who thinks a "pitcher and bowl for hot water" are items they shouldn't be without! Next moment, country cash register rang up sale.



They're off—well, almost! Early Ford is *permanent* attraction in front of store. But that fact won't stop Vera and Tris from traveling back in imagination to time when antiques and "museum pieces" were everyday useful objects.



But, for ease of transport—era 1959—who will argue with late-model American car? Above, the Coffins load in their purchases, get set for another round. Below, *26 Men* fans finally catch up with "Captain" Tris after block-long hike.



New boots for Old West series: Tris finds just what he wants in Scottsdale specialty store, but they'll need breaking in. Below, *Viva señora*! Vera catches mood of Old Mexico in gay sombrero, orders fancy baskets for every purpose.







Helen Landon of Huntington, Tenn.

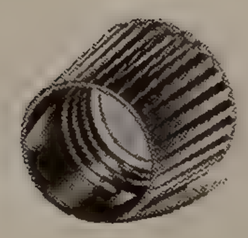
A leading medicated lotion was used on Helen Landon's left hand. Only her right hand was given Jergens care. See the difference in this unretouched photo. The test was made while Helen Landon soaked her hands in detergents 3 times a day for several days. The beautifying action of Jergens was proved by 713 housewives in other hand-soaking tests. For complete summary of these tests, doctors and dermatologists are invited to write to The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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...and the picture proves it!

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INFORMATION

He Who Cares

Dear Editors:

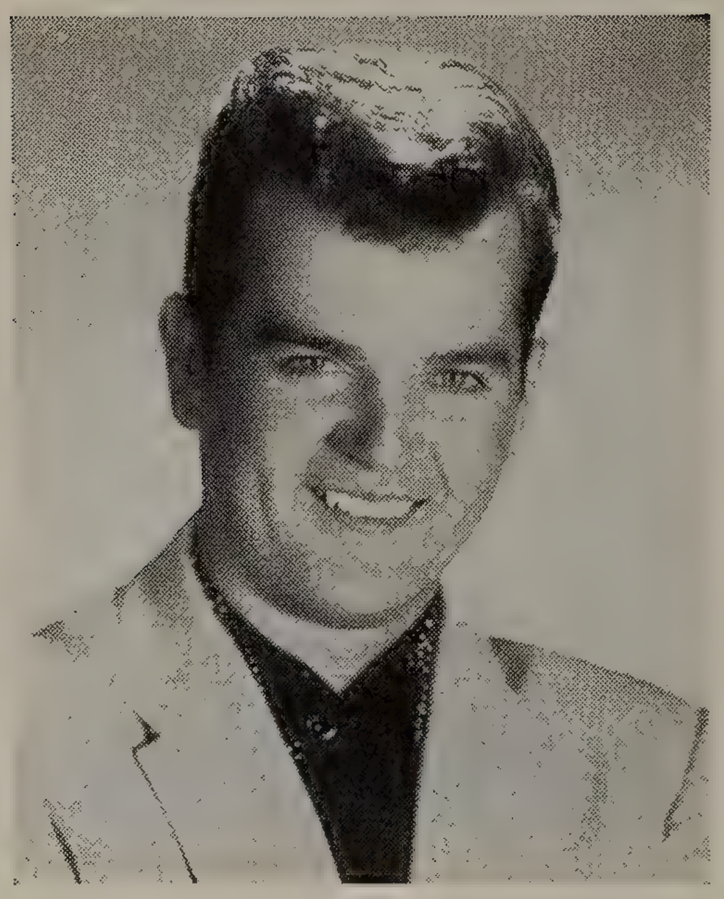
Thank you very much for the story on Hal Hackett in the December issue of TV Radio Mirror. *As chairman of Adult Recreation at Bellevue Hospital, I would like to tell you that Hal's work with the patients is "sensational." He does much more than entertain. He gives out so much love and warmth that he leaves the patients glowing with the feeling that somebody really cares.*

Mrs. Sumner S. Weil

The Lady Is a Cop

I would like to know something about the actress Beverly Garland.

L. D., Cambridge, Massachusetts



Conway Twitty



Beverly Garland

The October 17th on which Beverly Garland was born was literally an earth-shaking day. For reasons best known to Mother Nature, Santa Cruz had an earthquake, and tiny Beverly spent the first few minutes of her life buried under several pounds of plaster that had fallen from the ceiling of the delivery room. But Beverly was undaunted by this—she lived through it to eventually become a successful young actress and one of the busiest people in the business. . . . At the age of five, Beverly again lived through a rather startling experience. She was playing the part of Cupid in a kindergarten play when, in the middle of shooting an arrow into the hero's heart, her abbreviated costume fell off. She was, of course, the hit of the show. . . . During high school days, brown-eyed Beverly was an active member of a little-theater group, following this with appearances in summer stock at Laguna Beach. But her first really professional job in Hollywood was in a half-hour weekly TV show called *Mama Rosa,* and her first picture break a role in "D.O.A." The big turning point in Beverly's career occurred, however, when she played the young leukemia-ridden mother on TV's *Medic.* For her memorable performance, she won an "Emmy" nomination. Since then she has worked almost continuously in TV and motion pictures and at present is the star of the TV series *Decoy,* based on the life and adventures of a New York City policewoman. . . . Versatile Beverly is proficient at clay modeling and ceramics, loves to knit, designs her own clothes and likes to cook. Her favorite color is brilliant red.

Really Now!

Could you please give me some information on singer Conway Twitty, whom I hear so much lately on radio?

L. G. E., Berry, Alabama

Conway Twitty may mourn "It's Only Make Believe" on his top-selling M-G-M record, but there's no fantasy at all about his startling rise to stardom on the basis of one disc. It has been big, beautiful reality for this twenty-four-year-old Southerner. . . . Tall, dark, and handsome Conway (real name, Harold Jenkins) began to show talent at an early age—he was only four when he and his father, a ferryboat captain, sang and played guitar for the neighbors. The youngster was just ten when he sang his first song over the air—on KFFA in Helena, Arkansas. And, by the time he was twelve, he had formed his own band called the Phillips County Ramblers. . . . While in the service, Conway formed a group called The Cimarrons. They entertained American GIs and eventually sang their way into a radio show over the Far East network in Tokyo. . . . After the talented singer's discharge, he sang on *Ozark Jubilee* and, at about the same time, cut some tapes which he sent to Don Seat, a New York artists' representative. On the basis of what they had heard on those tapes, recording companies were soon clamoring for him. He made a few discs for Mercury Records and then switched over to M-G-M and stardom with "It's Only Make Believe." . . . The quiet, soft-spoken Conway has appeared on the Dick Clark, Arthur Godfrey, and Perry Como shows.

Film Study

Could you please give me some information about the actor Edward Byrnes?

G. Q., San Francisco, California

If anyone ever heeded Horace Greeley's famous advice about "going West," that young man was Edward Byrnes. One day, not too long ago, he piled his clothes and ambitions into his convertible and headed due West. His destination: Hollywood and, he hoped, success as an actor. . . . Born in New York in 1933, blue-eyed Edd had reached his teens before he decided, and for no apparent reason, to become an actor. But, once having made the decision, he set out to "study" the movies as hard as he could. He spent innumerable afternoons in darkened theaters, read every movie magazine he could get his hands on, and, at eighteen, was understandably an authority on the subject. . . . His first non-vicarious venture into the theatrical world occurred in 1954, when he won the part of a silent, stoical Indian on Joe E. Brown's *Buick Circus.* Later, he got a summer-stock job with the Litchfield Theater in Connecticut, following this with appearances in off-Broadway productions. Then he headed for California. . . . An executive at Warner Bros. saw him in a *Cheyenne* episode on TV, ordered a screen test, and, forty-eight hours after signing his name to a contract, Edward Byrnes was cast in "Darby's Rangers." The handsome young actor is currently appearing in the ABC-TV *77 Sunset Strip* series. . . . A bachelor, Edd likes water-skiing, white Thunderbirds, and the music of Ravel. He seems to have lived up to his favorite quotation: "Don't wait for your ship to come in. Row out to meet it."

Seven League Boots

What can you tell us about the actor Jan Merlin?

D. M. M., Yonkers, New York

There's a lot of difference between riding the waves for the Navy and "treading the boards" for video. But Jan Merlin traveled from one to the other shod in seven-league boots. . . . Born in 1925, he left the Grace Church School for Boys to become a Navy torpedo-man on a destroyer. During his service, he began to show an interest in show business by writing plays which were performed aboard ship. But the final influence in changing from the sea to the stage came about as a result of his association

BOOTH



Edward Byrnes

with a theater on the outskirts of Hiroshima. . . . When he was discharged, Jan returned to New York and entered the Neighborhood Playhouse. After playing four seasons of stock, he appeared in Broadway's "Mister Roberts." . . . One big step later and Jan was in television—eventually chalking up some 500 shows to his credit. Another quick hop and he went from an off-Broadway production to roles in movies. The six-footer is currently appearing on TV as Lt. Kirby in ABC-TV's *Rough Riders* series. . . . Blue-eyed Jan is married to the former Patricia Datz, whom he met at the Neighborhood Playhouse. Their home is jokingly described by friends as "Early Mau Mau"—because of the large collection of African weapons, skins, hides, and horns. Though their large menagerie varies in size from time to time, the current count is four cats and twelve parakeets.

Calling All Fans

The following fan clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to address given—*not* to TV Radio Mirror.

Sid Caesar Fan Club, Margaret Hay, 275 Maple Street, Kearny, New Jersey.

Joni James Fan Clubs, International Headquarters, Carole Reed, c/o M-G-M Records, 1540 Broadway, New York 36, New York.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, *205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.*



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be ahead in beauty

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Modess .... *because*

This column alternates among Perry Allen of WKBW, Gene Stuart of WAVZ, Art Pallan of KDKA, and William B. Williams of WNEW





Getting down to brass tacks, at right is one slender guy you don't have to agree with to respect.

BEST DARN "TIRE SALESMAN" IN TOWN

By WILLIAM B. WILLIAMS

TO BORROW a term from the man himself, Frank Sinatra is a "gasser"! Loosely defined, a "gasser" is someone great in his own right, and Frank, whom I consider to be "Chairman of the Board" of all top singers, more than meets the qualification. Almost without exception, he has associated himself with only the better top songs, and has even refused to record the bad ones.

Everyone knows there was a period between Sinatra's tenure as the teenage rage of the forties and his current success as singer, movie star and club headliner, when his popularity had dipped. But how many know that during this period of near-limbo, Frank actually walked out on recording contracts rather than sing bad music?

Because of this dedication to principle, Frank is one of the few performers who manages to please practically every type of record fan. Disc jockeys know, if they're short of time in scheduling their programs, they can choose a Sinatra album without even examining the title or selections, and yet have no fears of alienating any segment of their audiences. Such is his acceptance by music lovers, and such is his wide range of audience, due to almost flawless taste.

Though I've never interviewed Sinatra on my *Make Believe Ballroom* show, I have had several long chats with him socially. And it is my opinion that if he ever were to become a tire salesman in Anytown, U.S.A., he would be the *best* tire salesman in said town. The reason is that Frank exudes a charm and magnetism which is practically undeniable. For example, there are maybe a handful of personalities today who can enter a restaurant in such a cosmopolitan city as New York, and upset the equilibrium of the place. Frank is one of those people.

There's no secret formula involved in his hold over people; he neither strives to be liked nor to be disliked. One factor in his favor, I believe, is one of identification. Identification, that is, on the part of the middle-aged group—his contemporaries. They read so many stories—true or false—about his going out with this gorgeous creature, dropping a fortune in that gambling casino, or whatever-you-will, and many of them sigh, "Now there's a man after my own heart—he's leading the kind of life I'd love to lead . . . if I had the nerve!" To others, he represents the cocky kid next door who could back up his brashness with a tremendous talent.

Frank is an extremely loyal person. Stories of his devotion to his friends are legion. Men like Hank Sanicola (Sinatra's manager and confidant) and Ben Barton (Eileen Barton's father and head of Frank's publishing firm) have been with him from the beginning, and there is almost nothing they wouldn't do for him, and vice versa.

With this loyalty is coupled the conviction that, if you believe in something, then it is worth fighting for. Frank has been known to haul off and slug someone who has made slurs against a good friend or a minority group. And, though it is axiomatic in show business *not* to fight with the press, there have been times when Frank has done just that—when he felt that the press in general, or some member in particular, had maligned him or someone close to him. As a result, though many of them might not agree with him, he has attained a measure of respect in their eyes.

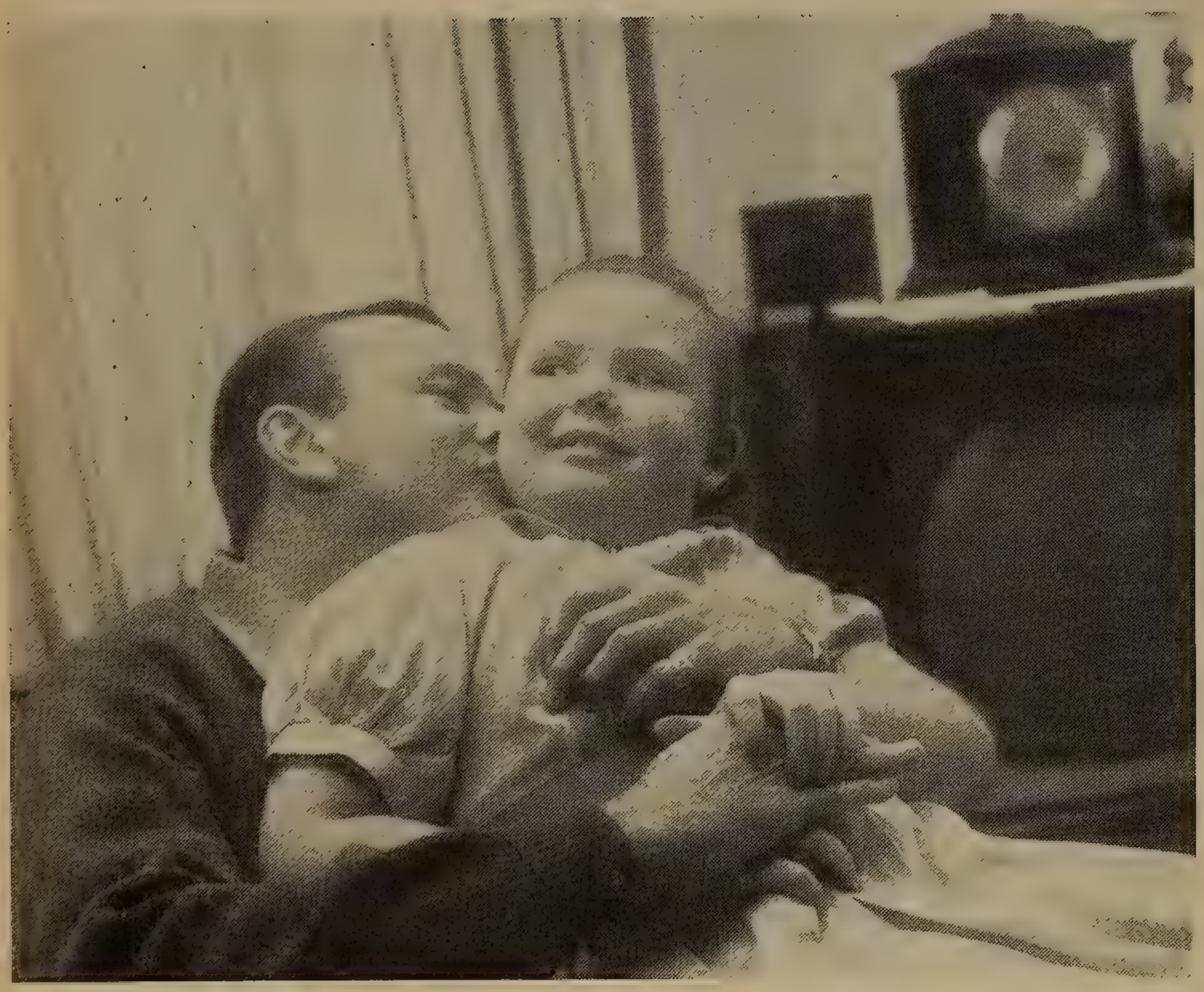
As a recording star, strange as it may seem, his Capitol single platters only occasionally reach the million-sale mark, although they are consistently good sellers. ("Young at Heart" was one that topped a million, and his albums, of course, do tremendously well.) How does Frank feel about this scarcity of "gold" records in the singles field? "The way I look at it," he says, "a guy who sells 900,000 discs is just as happy as a guy who sells a million."

That Sinatra sure is a gasser. . . .

William B. Williams hosts *Make Believe Ballroom*, on New York's WNEW, weekdays, 10 to 11:30 A.M. and 6 to 8 P.M., and Saturdays, 10 to noon and 6 to 8 P.M.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

(*Continued from page 7*)



Jack's best girl Randy Paar refuses to leave ice age of New York behind.

PS: Ray will direct all of the Revue episodes he doesn't star in.

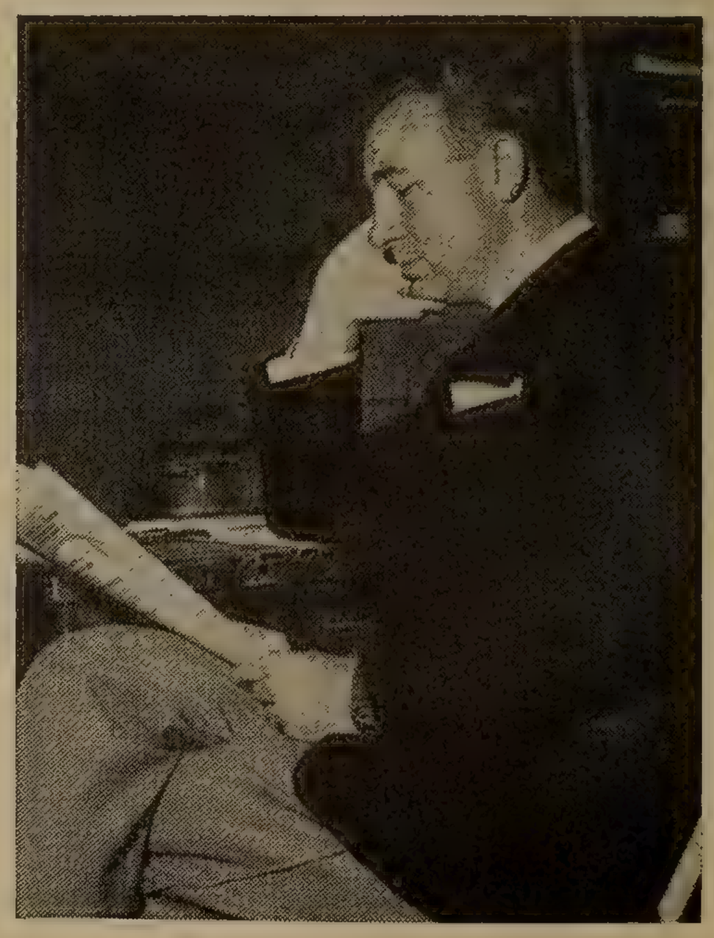
Here, Kitty! **Ann Sothern** loves animals. But enough is enough. When in Sun Valley last year, she gifted her teen-age daughter, Tish, with a colt—later had him delivered to a San Fernando Valley riding stable for boarding, where Tish goes for weekly riding lessons. But that's not the story. Ann, because of her busy new schedule, had to give one of her three much-loved French poodles to her sister. They were just too much to take care of. Meanwhile, back at the horse ranch, a stray cat wanders into Tish's horse's stall and promptly bears a litter of kittens. Tish naturally brings them home. The housekeeper refuses to look after them; Tish is away at school all day; so, after her fourteen-hour day at the studio, Ann has to come home to house-break her six new fondlings! Here, Kitty. . . . Second thought: Give the kits to **Amanda Blake,** Ann. She lives in the Valley near the stable, loves animals, too. At least, the kittens will be closer to their mother.

Speaking of mothers—and contrary to rumor—Liberace is still speaking to Mrs. Liberace. Lee, whose life is one big grand piano, has a piano-shaped diamond ring on his left pinky, now has added a candelabra-shaped diamond to his right hand. Which only proves that **Jack Benny** and diamonds have nothing to do with Liberace. He can afford his own diamonds. . . . **Alan Ladd** mining the TV diamond mine with two new series: *Ivy League,* starring **Bill Bendix,** and *Box 13,* the adventure series Ladd starred in on radio. Except for three half-hour shows he did, years back, Alan won't be seen on TV (except on rare spex). But **David Ladd** will be doing one-shots—"whenever he gets far enough ahead in his book work," says his Dad. . . . And did you know, **Tom Tryon** majored in cartooning at Yale! Had he stayed at his drawing board, he might be a Disney artist instead of actor.

Speaking of bookwork, **Tommy Sands'** accountant is wearing a big smile these days: Tommy's last appearance on his personal in Hawaii broke **Elvis Presley's** gate record by 203 paid admissions. Elvis drew 8200 to Schofield barracks, Tommy drew 8403. And that's a lot of pineapples! . . . It seems an equal number of people are crowding the "Say One for Me" set at 20th Century-Fox, where **Barrie Chase**—who became a star overnight on the **Fred Astaire** show—is singing and dancing up a storm opposite young **Bob Wagner**. . . . And, except for the storm **Jack Paar** blew up on his triumphal return to Hollywood, the weather in sunny Southern Cal. has been balmy as a day in May . . . which led Paar's young daughter to ask, "Daddy, I know it's winter, but where's the snow?" (On your charming Daddy's show, Honey.) Paar, who says he's quitting in July no matter what, is rumored to have both an auto and a ciggie sponsor standing by to pick him up on a weekly basis. Since Jack, on his recent trip, fell in love again with sunny Cal. (and the crowd's acclaim), maybe the weekly show will spring from these hot little Hollywood Hills.

Speaking of the Hollywood Hills, **Lance Reventlow,** millionaire sports-car enthusiast, has a small group of friends—**Ronnie Burns** among them—whom he favors with the "secret" key to his Hills home. When Lance is out of town racing one of his cars, the kids (Ronnie among them) can use the "hidden" key to come and go at will—using the pool, barbecue, etc. Now there's a pal for you. . . . Round but not square: **Dennis Crosby,** on his local ABC radio show in the Hollywood area, refers to his brother **Gary** as, "My round little brother . . ." Gary, meanwhile, is out drumming up business for the Thalians, the group of young Hollywood folk who are working so hard to raise money for emotionally disturbed children. Gary was their first prexy, **Debbie Reynolds,** the current chief. Their annual ball, this year at the Beverly Hilton, raised more than $40,000 for their Thalian Clinic—said clinic to train psychiatrists to go out across-country to help other areas which do not as yet have such a children's center. That's the young folks of Hollywood for you. . . .

Ever wonder what some doctors carry in those little black bags on TV? **Carl Betz,** who plays the doc in the **Donna Reed** show, uses his medic bag to carry his lunch. . . . And **Dinah Shore** makes lunch backstage for the entire cast on an electric range built into her dressing room. . . . **Gale Storm** takes *her* lunch in a hat box! Gale, who works twenty-four hours a day, on her TV series and recording for Dot, lunches from this hat-box dining table in order to save time; Gale uses the lid of the hat box to hold her lunch in her lap while driving to record-plugging dates in the middle of her filming day. . . . Speaking of lunches and records, **Frank Sinatra** gags (*Continued on page 71*)



Off on train of golden thought, John Guedel plans book business.

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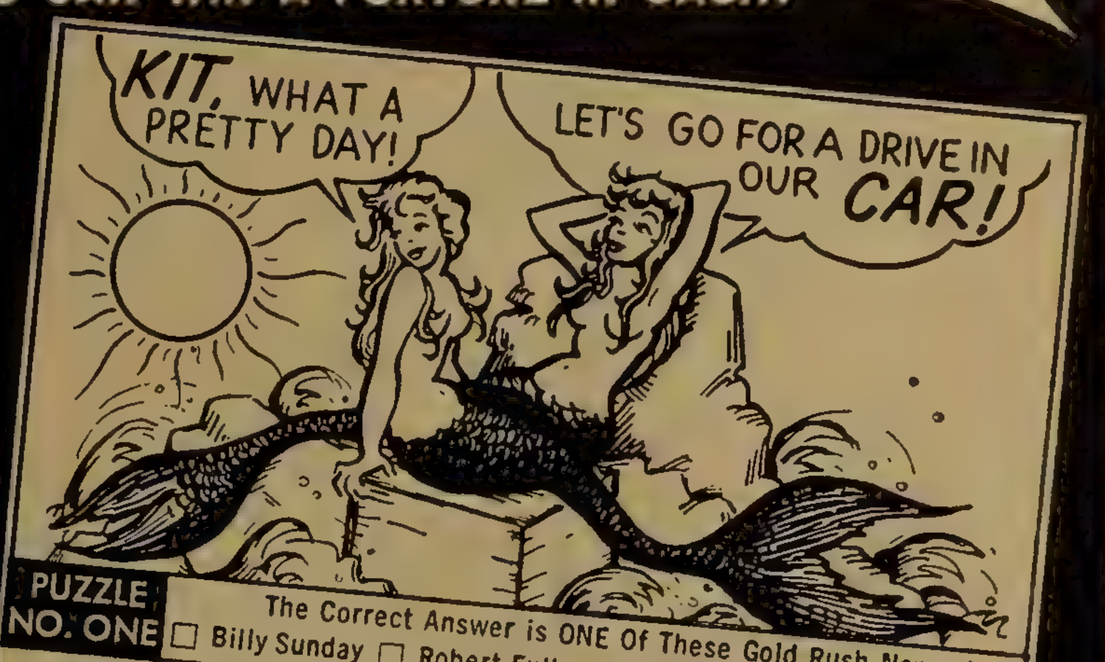
SAMPLE PUZZLE — The Correct Answer is ONE Of These Gold Rush Names!
☐ Jesse James ☐ Bret Harte ☐ Mark Twain ☐ John Adams

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THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE IS ALL WORKED OUT FOR YOU

SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!

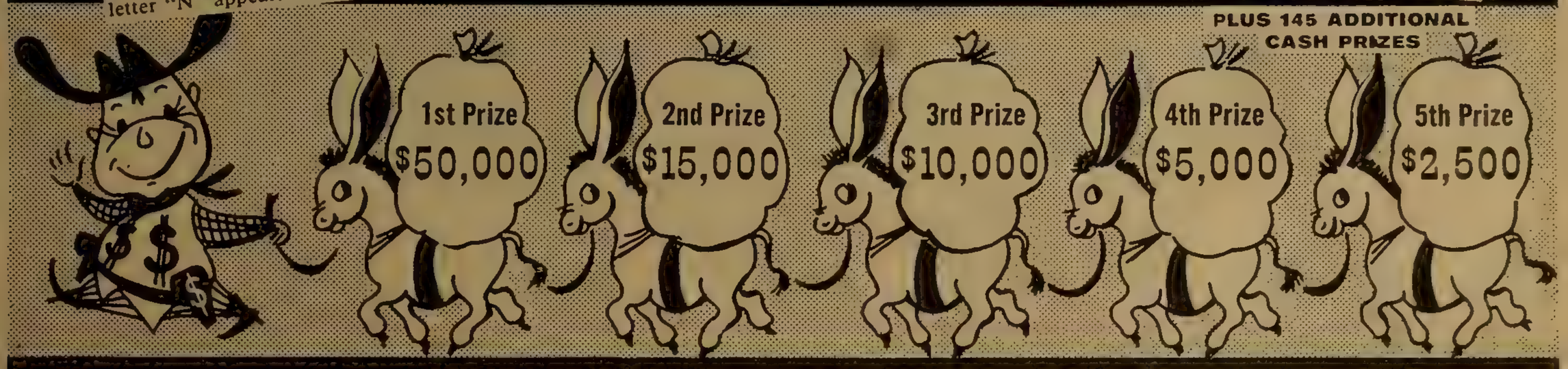
This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows the cowboy saying MARK, and he also mentions the word WAY. The letter "T" and the letter "N" appear. What else can the answer be but MARK TWAIN?



PUZZLE NO. ONE — The Correct Answer is ONE Of These Gold Rush Names!
☐ Billy Sunday ☐ Robert Fulton ☐ Kit Carson ☐ Cotton Mather

HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!

Write Your Answer In Coupon Below • Mail It NOW!



Look at the two puzzles on this page for a few moments. Can you solve them? You should be able to . . . because there are no tricks or gimmicks to trip you up. Nothing but a straightforward, honest challenge to your skill and common sense! Yes, skill and common sense are all you need to solve the puzzles in this wonderful GOLD RUSH Game . . . offering you loads of exciting action, hours of fun and pleasure . . . *and* a chance at any one of 150 great cash awards totaling $100,000.00! There's no red tape when you enter . . . no long wait for payment of prizes—this is a *quick action* contest!

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★★★★

TRIPLE FUN:

Pre-Debut Party, Hollywood Style



Young folks and adults dance up a storm at home of Charles Correll, to music by Muzzy Marcellino of *House Party* fame.

Dawn Linkletter, Diane Chase and Dorothy Correll are honored at a three-way progressive party given by their famous parents before their formal "coming out" at Hollywood's famous Coronet Ball

HOLLYWOOD has its society debut party late in the month of November—the Coronet Ball—sponsored by the women who are members of the National Charity League, for their lovely young daughters. For this night, their famous mothers dress in elegant gowns, their fathers in handsome full-dress suits, then proceed to take a back seat for the post-debs and their dates and the youthful debutantes and *their* dates. New York City has its Debutante Cotillion, Philadelphia its Assembly, St. Louis its Veiled Prophet Ball. But, out Hollywood way, the Coronet Ball is the season's high point for local society. The daughters who are to bow socially are known as "Tick Tockers" until this party turns them, in one glamour-packed evening, into full-grown "Coronets."

Art Linkletter's oldest daughter, Dawn, was a member of the debut group and so was Diane Chase, daughter of Allen Chase, who is a business associate of Art's. Another close friend and debutante was Dorothy Correll, daughter of Charles Correll of *Amos 'N' Andy* fame. All three families are friends and neighbors. Lois Linkletter, Dawn's mother, had the idea of a pre-debut party for the girls and their families and friends —a progressive party starting with hors d'oeuvres and nonlethal drinks for the young people at Linkletters', a buffet dinner at Allen Chase's Bel Air home, and dancing at Charles Correll's. These informal pictures show what a wonderful time they had.



"Cocktail" time at the start of festivities. Lois and Art Linkletter are hosts, serve punch and hors d'oeuvres to the three debutantes (l. to r.) Diane Chase, Dorothy Correll and the Linkletters' oldest daughter Dawn.



Second port of call on the gala evening for debs and their dates was home of Allen Chase, where magnificent buffet dinner was served. Younger girls with dates dined on open porch-wing with dazzling view of Hollywood.



Early arrival at Linkletters' was Dawn's date, John Zwyer, physical ed instructor at Andrew Jackson H.S., E. Los Angeles.



A kiss for "their girl." Father Art and brother Jack give two-way buss to Dawn. What better way to start gala evening?



Jack Linkletter and his wife Bobbie, in lanai of Linkletter home with Dawn and Diane Chase. Total guests numbered 50.

TVR

Continued

TRIPLE FUN

(Continued)



Next stop for three-way party is Allen Chase's. Daughter Diane gets kiss and a hug from Bob Cummings, Jack Linkletter.



At the Chases', Art and Lois Linkletter greet Bob and Mary Cummings, their old friends. Dawn, John Zwyer join group.



Third stop, home of Charles and Alice Correll. Early comers, the "Links" and Allen Chase with Dr. Loriene Johnston.



Allen Chase, a gourmet, was host at buffet dinner. Exotic turkey dressing was from special recipe. Here he serves Dottie Fernard (college friend of Dawn), Dawn, Diane, Dr. Loriene Johnston, Lois Linkletter.



Charles Correll and wife Alice (center) hosted the dance which was wind-up of the gala evening. They greet Bob and Mary Cummings, Art and Lois Linkletter. Alice Correll and Lois are striking look-alikes.



Dancing gets underway promptly for the younger set, who had a whirl. Young hostess Dorothy Correll with date John Masterson are center, facing the camera. All of the adults did their share of dancing, too.



Impromptu jam session teamed Charlie Correll on piano with orchestra-leader Muzzy Marcellino calling tunes. At 2 A.M., party ended with Art leading singing of "What Can I Say, Dear, After I Say I'm Sorry."



SHARON GREGORY, Sophomore, Long High School, Longview, Wash., says: "Blemishes always seemed to pop up just before a big date night. I tried just about everything, without success. Then, I used Clearasil, and soon the blemishes disappeared. Clearasil has solved my skin problem."

Sharon Gregory

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, *Hides pimples while it works*

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication *especially* for pimples. In tubes or new squeeze-bottle lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it *really works.*

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



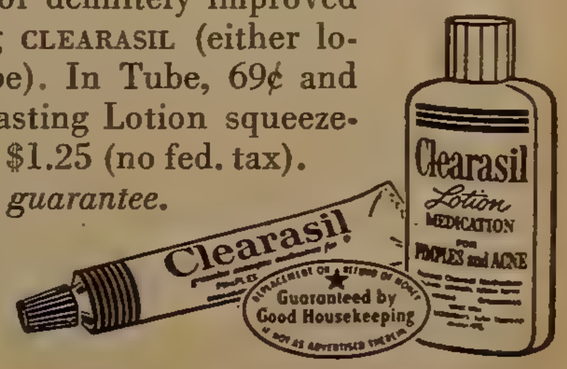
1. ***Penetrates pimples.*** 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!

2. ***Stops bacteria.*** Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!

3. ***'Starves' pimples.*** Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oils that 'feed' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax). *Money-back guarantee.* At all drug counters.

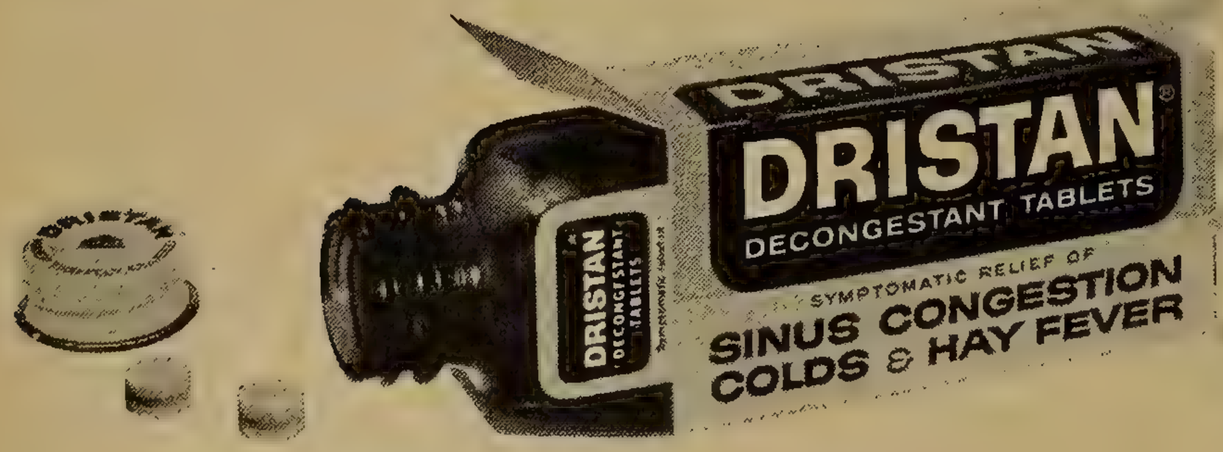


LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION BECAUSE IT *REALLY* WORKS

For Relief Of

SINUS CONGESTION and COLDS MISERY





Get This Revolutionary 3-Layer Tablet— HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 SINUS CAVITIES

Relieves Congestion that Causes So Much Colds Suffering

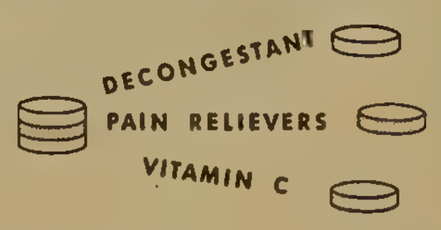
DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets...the amazing medical discovery that has brought unprecedented relief to millions of sinus sufferers...*also offers dramatic relief from colds distress.*

That's because...for the first time, DRISTAN makes it possible to unite certain medically-proved ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet.

Working through the bloodstream, it reaches all sinus areas and relieves congestion deep within head areas inaccessible to other forms of medication. It shrinks swollen sinus membranes and helps promote free drainage. Then, as clogged passages are cleared, relief from colds miseries follows.

Free breathing is restored. Pressure and pain relieved. Fever reduced. Postnasal drip controlled.

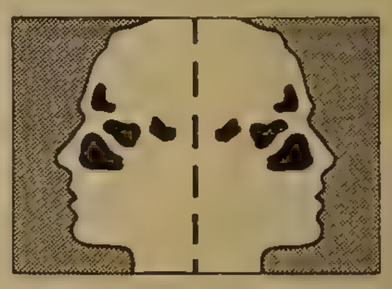
DRISTAN GIVES YOU:



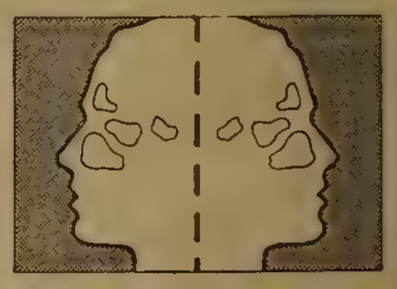
1. The *Decongestant* most prescribed by doctors.
2. *Pain Relievers,* a highly effective combination of ingredients for relief of body aches and pains due to colds...plus an *exclusive antihistamine* to block the allergic reaction often associated with colds.
3. *Vitamin C*—actually five times your daily minimum requirement (in one day's dose) to help build body resistance to infection.

No ordinary colds medicine...whether in liquid, tablet or any other form...can benefit you in the same way as DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

You need no prescription for DRISTAN. Guaranteed to relieve the miseries of sinus congestion and colds...or purchase price refunded.



BEFORE—sinuses and nasal passages clogged with germ-laden mucus ...responsible for so much colds suffering.



AFTER—all nose and sinus areas decongested...free, comfortable breathing restored.

There's Nothing Like DRISTAN® Decongestant Tablets!

all at sea with ELVIS

Thirteen-year-old Janet Day, daughter of an Army captain, sailed with Elvis on the troopship Randall. Here is the story of Janet and the other teenagers who made the crossing with their favorite singer





Long wait before Private Presley arrived and smiled at the crowd. For Janet Day (left), it seemed a lifetime—particularly when she knew she was to be TV RADIO MIRROR's "reporter" on the voyage to Europe!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

THE BIG GRAY TROOPSHIP rode easy at the dock. Reporters and photographers frothed across the pier. We were there for a press conference with Private Elvis Presley, who was to embark for Army duty in Germany. Such a press conference was unprecedented, we were told. Since 1917, millions of men and thousands of celebrities had passed through Brooklyn Army Terminal with nary a flash bulb nor a press conference such as this. It had begun at 6:30 A.M., when some one hundred photographers and reporters checked in at the Terminal's gates. A snafu of mis-direction sent us scurrying around two levels of the half-mile-long pier. By 10:30 A.M., three troop trains had arrived from Fort Hood, Texas. We had scrutinized a thousand young faces, but still no sign of Elvis.

We were beat-out tired and hungry, and it showed. The only calm persons in sight were a captain and his family who waited at the

Continued

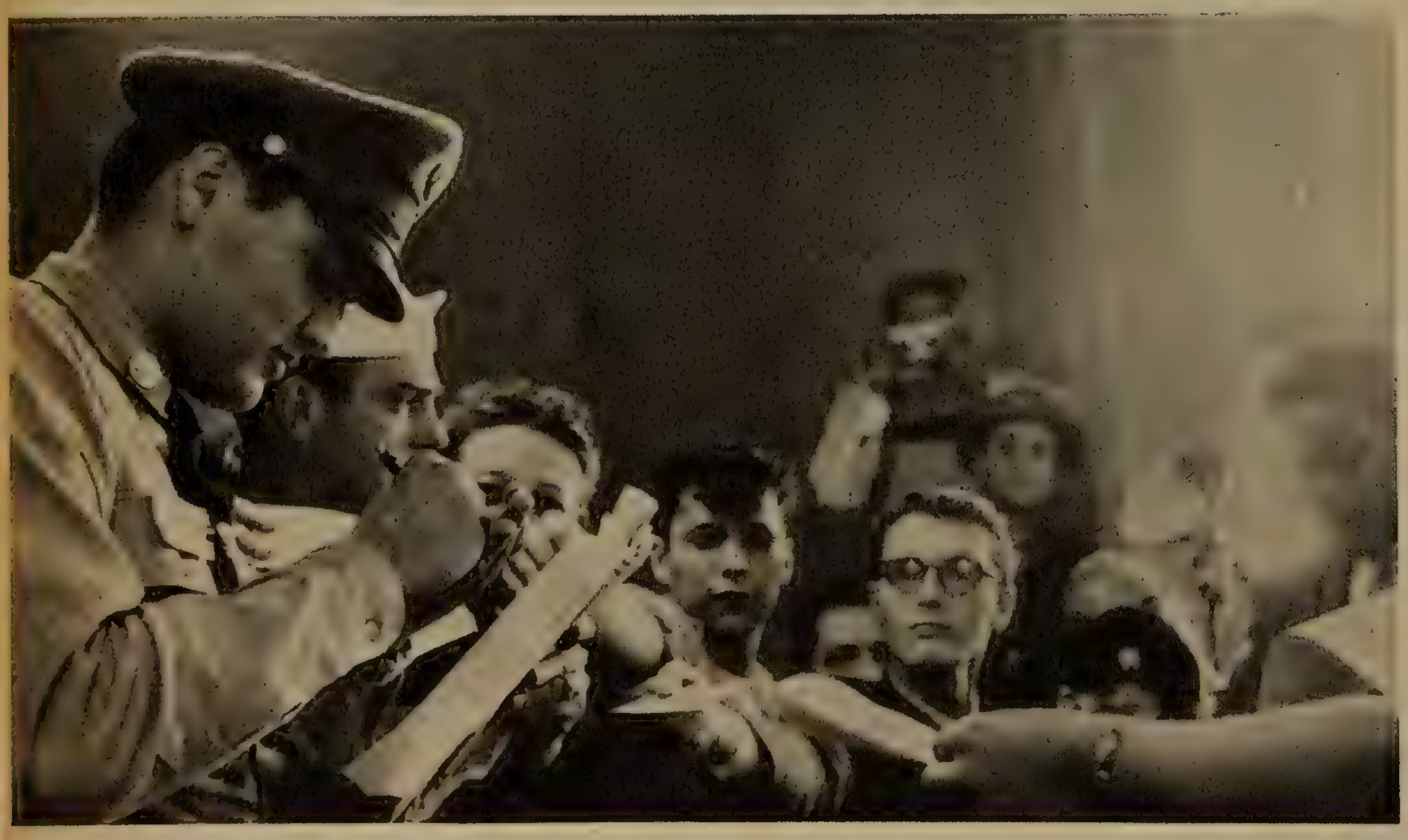
all at sea with ELVIS

(Continued)





Janet, teen-age daughter of Army Captain Charles Day, was traveling with her mother, sister Judy, 9, and brother Jerry, 11—as pictured above, left, before sailing. But, even with every youngster on shipboard helping to locate elusive Elvis, she found it hard to get past M.P.'s guarding against "demonstrations."



Working press (right) almost outnumbered autograph seekers (above), before the *Randall* sailed. Eventually, Janet got not only Presley autographs but pictures.

top-deck gangplank to board ship. The three children perched patiently on their suitcases. Their slender mother must have been one of the prettiest brides of World War II. The captain was broad-shouldered and hearty. All had a twinkle in the eye as they watched the turmoil about them. I would like to talk to them, I decided.

Happily, they were willing to talk to me. They were the Charles Day family, bound for their second tour of duty in Germany. Captain Day was assigned to the Fifteenth Quartermaster Battalion. Judy was nine; Charles Jr.—known as Jerry—was eleven; and willowy, blonde Janet had just turned thirteen. I asked Janet the obvious question: "How does it feel to be one of the most envied teenagers in the world today—a girl who sails on the same ship as Elvis Presley?" (*Continued on page* 80)



How Janet envied the unknown fan Elvis kissed for cameras, boarding troopship! Later, on deck, she saw sadness in his face as he waved goodbye to his homeland.

The Beauty with the Brain



She's the darling of the lollipop set.

Their cleverest teacher, too—though they know

Shari Lewis only as a genuine living doll

By DENA REED

A REDHEADED, pony-tailed sprite with enchantment and charm and a stupendous assortment of talents packed into a five-foot, 97-pound frame—that's Shari Lewis, the twenty-four-year-old ball of fire who presides over *Hi Mom*, on New York's WRCA-TV. She's puppeteer, ventriloquist, actress, singer, dancer, musician (on seven instruments), announcer, interviewer, magician, author—and so excellent at every one of these that she walked away with two Emmy Awards last year. No wonder she has emerged as guest star of the year, on such big variety shows as those of Pat Boone, Steve Allen, Patti Page, Garry Moore, and on occasional panel programs, as well.

Besides all this, Shari recently flew to Hollywood to play the lead in a new filmed TV series, *Sis*, still under wraps. Her children's records are selling like hot-cakes, her books for children, her toys, her puppets, all have made her the pin-up girl of the lollipop set. And her breathless agent—flooded with offers for her from movies, night clubs, television and commercial firms—says

Puppets Lamb Chop and Charley Horse live only in Shari's hands and voice. But she charms all guests—feathered, furred or human—on such shows as *Hi Mom*.



on Top



Hi, husband! Recent bride Shari greets Jeremy Tarcher, whose schedule as a TV producer (of other programs) is as busy as her own—both rise and shine at dawn.



Plenty of pets in the Tarcher household, you may be sure. "Bop" is the biggest, but there are also a mink, a monkey and a cockatoo. Plenty of toys, too, created or collected by Shari—who still believes the best fun is what you yourself can make out of everyday things, as she demonstrates on television. "I can't wait to have a brood of my own," she says, "to see how my teaching will work on *them.*"

she will probably tote away a cool million in the next three years, if signs, portents and her energy hold out.

Shari is a fine entertainer, but she is also and fundamentally a kindergartner extraordinary—creator and keeper of the kingdom of Shariland. The top denizens of her magic domain are Lamb Chop, an adorable feminine lamb, Charley Horse, a brash nag, Hush Puppy, an irresistible hound with a Southern accent, and Wing Ding, a slightly-mad crow.

In bringing them to life with their distinguishing voices and characteristics, Shari has proved herself a top puppeteer and ventriloquist. While others use their characters merely to entertain, Shari, with hers, teaches the small fry and their mothers, initiating them into the best classics for children. On *Hi Mom,* she teaches finger-play, chalk-talk, games, how to care for pets. But the chief feature, loved by everyone, is how to (*Continued on page* 84)

Shari Lewis stars on *Hi Mom,* WRCA-TV (New York), Mon. through Fri., 9 to 10 A.M. EST.

Fun in the

Noon and night, Bert has a ball on Bandstand and Masquerade Party. But the Parks pulse hits an extra beat in the atmosphere of County Fair

By FRANCES KISH



County Fair visitors get into the act, in community-festival spirit. Above, Bert and special-events man Nat Asch (in stripes) interview prospective participants. Below, barker-announcer Ken Williams (in even broader stripes) comes in last in impromptu bathing-suit parade.





Look, ma, no hoops! Bert gets down to grass-root

As THIS is being written, Bert Parks is doing eleven live, spontaneous NBC shows every week. Six are on television—five *County Fair* programs, Monday through Friday afternoons, *Masquerade Party* on Thursday night. Five are on radio—*Bandstand*, Monday through Friday before noon. By the time this is printed, the number of shows

Afternoon



for hula lesson from Mamo Howell of Honolulu, T.H.

could very likely increase, but even that won't bother Bert. The only time the high-powered Mr. Parks gets tired is when someone reminds him how tired he ought to be!

It's not just the number of hours he gives to his work that makes people wonder how he does it. It's the enormous energy he puts into everything. He could no more attack any job



Weekday afternoons, this foursome and friends have a picnic on TV's *County Fair* grounds—emcee Parks, spieler Williams, associate producer Herb Landon, bandmaster Bill Gale. The latter three are all "veterans" from the popular radio version of same program almost a decade ago.



Thursday nights, Bert hosts a night-time TV carnival in more sophisticated mood—*Masquerade Party*, in which regular and guest panelists try to penetrate disguise of visiting celebrities. Seated above, left to right—Orson Bean, Audrey Meadows, Carl Reiner, Gloria De Haven.



Mornings, there's almost a solid hour of radio music and comedy on *Bert Parks' Bandstand*. Among the leading lights, from left—comedian Arnold Stang, Bert, musical director Skitch Henderson, producer Bob Sadoff, production assistant Patti Tossy, and director George Voutsas.

Fun in the Afternoon

(Continued)



Cars aren't just a hobby with busy Mr. Parks. They're a necessity for his daily commuting—some 45 minutes from Connecticut to Radio City. With eleven performances on TV and radio each week, Bert should be tired when he gets home, but his energy seems boundless, at work or at play.



County Fair is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, *Bert Parks' Bandstand* heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 11:05 A.M. to noon EST—under multiple sponsorship. Bert also emcees *Masquerade Party,* colorcast over NBC-TV, Thurs., 10:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Kent Cigarettes.



The home's Williamsburg in style, ultra-modern in fittings.

passively now than he could at a tender age, when he began to give spirited imitations of a dispirited little man with a brief mustache, oversize shoes and a cane—Charlie Chaplin, then the idol of small-fry movie-goers.

The days of impersonations are far behind Bert now, but the need to give a performance everything he has never changes. His explanation is simple: "I like to spend energy on something I like to do, and I like to do all the things I am doing." More specifically, he adds, "Of course, a man needs health to keep it up—and a wife like Annette."

Since their marriage in June, 1942, Annette has been the silent partner whose actions speak louder than words and whose reactions remain invariably calm and cool. When Bert comes home with something on his mind, there is none of this "tell me everything right away" kind of prodding. She lets him let down and relax, and talk when he is ready.

"The result is that, by the time I get around to telling what's troubling me," says Bert, "it seems much less complicated—and usually less important. If there is something she needs to take up with me—the house, the children, or some problem of her own—she waits until the red flag is down. And neither of us keeps going over and over the same problem. When it's finished, we don't keep kicking it around."

Last September, when Bert began his *County Fair* TV show, it was suggested he might like to stay a little after the show each day to talk it over. It didn't take him long to cut that down to practically nothing. "Re-hashing" a program is not for him. Others can hold the post-mortems over cues that came a split-second late, or a stunt that didn't come off. As far as he is concerned, he has done his best, and he assumes the others have done theirs. The bell has rung and it's time to get away and prepare for (*Continued on page* 76)



he wife's Annette by name and—Bert avows—a "model" for all time!



Performer since before schooldays, Bert relaxes with music, even in leisure time. Most of all, he "unwinds" by doing chores around the house and playing with twin sons Joel and Jeffrey, 11, and daughter Petty, 9. "So far," he says, "they have shown no desire to follow in my footsteps."



Marlene the Magnificent

"Dear Miss Dietrich," they write to Monitor, knowing she'll have the answer to their problems—and seeking to share the secret strength of "the world's most glamorous woman"

By GLADYS HALL



Dietrich hit Hollywood like a bombshell in the 1930's—thanks to director Josef Von Sternberg (above). Musician as well as actress, she later proved her amazing versatility as an entertainer both at the battlefront and in swank night clubs.



"In person," her glamour electrifies the most sophisticated crowd.





On screen, her dramatic talent blazed again in "Witness for the Prosecution."



Now Marlene triumphs in two more fields—on records, as well as NBC Radio. Above, signing contract with Randy Woods which brought her distinctive siren voice to Dot label.



Nothing in show business has given more joy than daughter Maria Riva's own success as actress—and mother. Marlene's recipe for happiness? See story at left for the "ingredients"!

THESE WINTER WEEKENDS—Saturdays and Sundays, on NBC Radio's *Monitor*—Marlene Dietrich is answering your questions about life and love and the pursuit of happiness. From the day it was first announced on *Monitor* that Marlene would be on the air, the letters began to pour in . . . from teenagers, from young-marrieds, from men and women of all ages. And they continue to pour in . . . letters containing questions that range from how working girls can be smartly dressed, on the salaries they make, to what housewives who hanker to be career women can do about it, to such blockbusters as please tell us, dear Miss Dietrich, what is the one thing that makes life most worth the living—and how do you get it?

Why do they ask Marlene? Ever since America first hailed her as a great new star in the German film, "The Blue Angel," some twenty-five years ago, Dietrich has been the synonym for glamour. Acclaimed as one of the world's most fabulous women, her chic and sophistication, her beautiful legs, her low, vibrant voice, her mystery and allure have been rhapsodized and have literally made headlines the (*Continued on page* 90)

Marlene Dietrich stars on *Monitor*, the NBC Radio weekend service heard Fridays, from 8:05 to 10 P.M.—Saturdays, 8 A.M. to midnight—Sundays, 10:30 A.M. to midnight. (All times EST)

Making a Big Splash!

Bill Leyden, emcee of It Could Be You, takes his first water-ski lesson from announcer Wendell Niles. Result: Big fun-time at Lake Arrowhead!



"**This** first picture," says Leyden, "shows Wendell and his wife Ann in foreground, my wife Sue beside me."



"**Getting** ready for the lesson. I'm looking confident, but I'm not! Just saw a nut skiing past on one ski!"



"**Wendell** even bothered to explain 'more speed' sign—thumbs up. Turned out, I didn't need *that* right away."

Bill Leyden is master-of-surprises on the Ralph Edwards' NBC-TV show, *It Could Be You.* Devotees of the show are familiar with its format, an emotional mixture of reunions, anniversary observances, comic surprises, fulfillment of sentimental wishes. The participants are drawn from the studio audience, all being unaware that *their* dearest wish is about to be granted. Leyden, a natural athlete, goes in for hunting, skin-diving, sports-car racing. Here he gets his first taste of water-skiing—with *It Could Be You* announcer Wendell Niles as expert instructor.

It Could Be You is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, at 12:30 P.M. EST; multiple sponsorship.

Continued



"**Sue** and Niles urge me to start the skiing bit. I'd just put my toes in. Who left the refrigerator open?"



"**Ready** for the take-off. Wendell is telling me to keep hands tight on the line, knees bent for the rise."

"**A good angel** must have been hovering over me. Got up on skis first try, even if I did drink an awful lot of lake water."

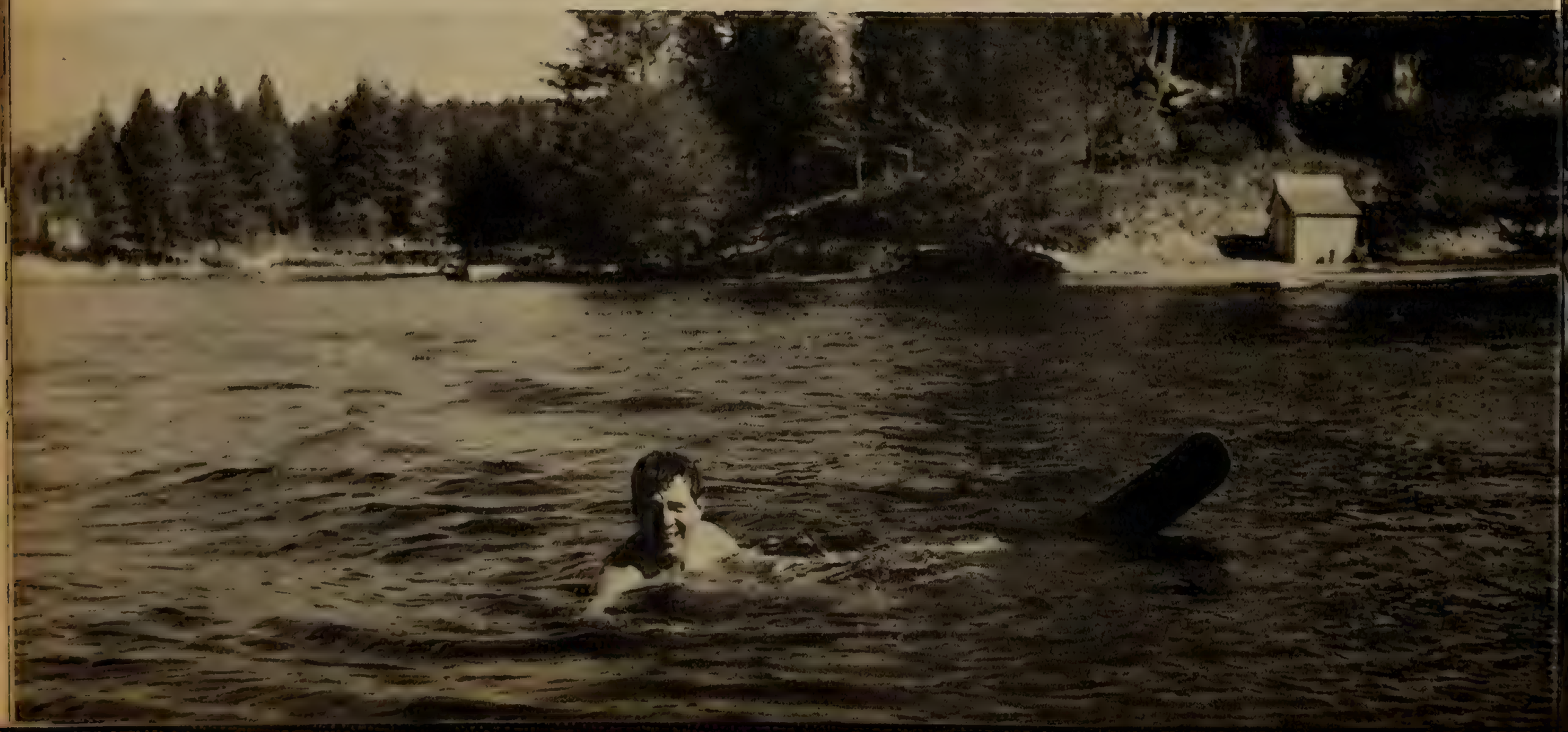
Making a Big Splash!

(Continued)



"**Concentration,** that's all. And these jokers thought I couldn't do it! Notice the form, arms straight, legs apart a bit, ears pointing out just a bit. I tell you, I was scared, but determined Mrs. Leyden's boy would succeed."

"**Everything** went well until I decided I'd try to ski around a corner (jumping across the boat's wake). That did it! The trouble is, when you fall on skis you seem to go down forever before you come up again. Then everybody laughs at you."





"**Sue** helped me out at dock. She's a good athlete, tried skis, too, and did very well for a rank beginner."



"**Meanwhile,** so-called 'expert' and friend, Wendell Niles, had fallen on his ear. He admits I'm a champ."



"**Susie** is a real doll. She gave me a big hug and kiss to tell me how proud she was I skiied first try."

"**Back** at work on *It Could Be You*—if work's what you call it. I had a bucketful of fun with this show, so did pal Wendell."



My Son, "Sugarfoot"



Any mother could be proud of such a shining Western star. My own pride in Will Hutchins goes even deeper— because of what he represents at heart

By JANE HUTCHASON

SOMETIMES as I sit there, I still can't believe it! Other times, when I'm watching *Sugarfoot* on ABC-TV, I have to keep reminding myself that today's Will Hutchins, on our living-room screen, really is the same little boy we named Marshall Lowell Hutchason, back in 1932. There are many miracles in life, but none more amazing to me than what the magic medium of television has wrought in one mother's book of memories.

All our old friends and relatives still call him "Marshall," but, to prevent confusion in this story, I shall refer to (*Continued on page 74*)

Recently, I've kept house for Will—hoping he'll find "the" girl for the home and the children he has always wanted.

Will Hutchins stars as Tom Brewster in *Sugarfoot*, seen on ABC-TV, alternate Tuesdays, from 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by American Chicle Co., Luden's, Inc., and others.

Honest as the role he plays, Will tries to handle his fan mail personally.



With his friend "Osi"—he's been wild about pets since he was a kid!



His love of "theater" began with magic tricks before his schooldays.





Does Father Really Know Best?



Robert Young is as much at home on *Father Knows Best* as with his own family. Elinor, Lauren and Billy feel close to him, too—even though they don't all agree as to who's head of the household! "I love him more than anybody," says little Lauren, who considers herself Bob's *fifth* daughter.

Father Knows Best, starring Robert Young and Jane Wyatt, is seen over CBS-TV, every Monday, at 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored alternately by Lever Brothers and Scott Paper.

By DEE PHILLIPS

HILARIOUS OR TOUCHING, the adventures of TV's Anderson family live up to their title most of the time: *Father Knows Best.* High ratings and awards seem to prove that audiences like this concept of Dad as the true head of the household. But today's best-selling books often tell another story, indicating that Dad's children are really ruling the roost—that their problems and desires should always come first.

There's plenty of room for argument among the generations and between the sexes. Some think the family should still revolve around Dad. Others believe it should focus on the children, the builders of tomorrow. Almost all agree on one thing: Mother is actually the heart of the home—but she swings the balance in favor of husband *or* children. Which way should she vote?

The Andersons represent a typical range in age and family status, so it's not surprising that they're divided on this modern-day problem. Not quite as you'd expect, perhaps, since they're all individuals, both on and off TV. As Margaret Anderson, Jane Wyatt has become practically everyone's ideal of motherhood. She's a devoted mother in real life, too. But does she cast her ballot in favor of the children?

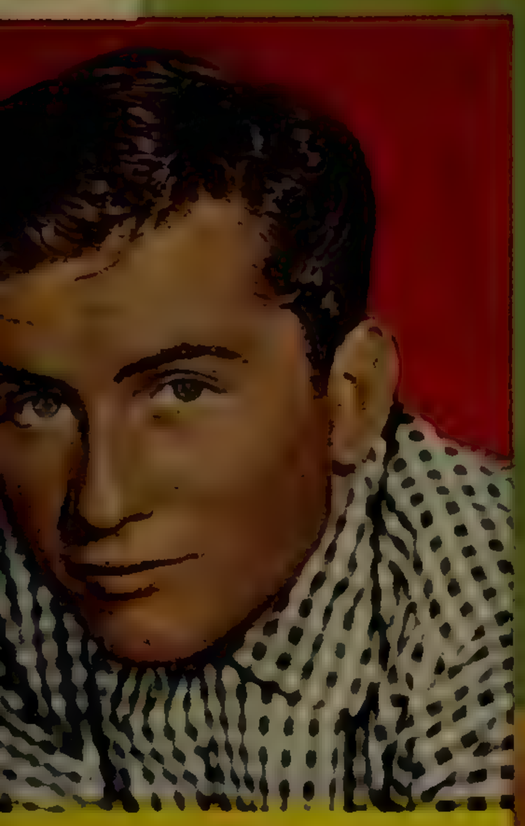
Hazel eyes dancing, Jane says, "Everything depends on the husband-wife relationship . . . that's where children come from. A woman who thinks of nothing but her children is wrong for everyone—including herself. If a woman concentrates on *her man,* they'll both look upon their joint productions healthily and happily."

One vote for Dad. But surely a brand-new teenager will stand up for children's rights? At thirteen, Lauren Chapin (Kathy Anderson) says firmly, "*Neither*—or *both.* I mean, it should be fifty-fifty, instead of one or the other. What if there was a favorite, and it wasn't you? There should be enough love to go around. Everyone should love everyone." Thoughtfully,

Continued



Lauren Chapin as Kathy



Billy Gray as Bud



Elinor Donahue as Betty



Robert Young and Jane Wyatt as father Jim and mother Margaret Anderson

TV's beloved Andersons consider an important problem for these times: Who should be the center of the family? Parents—or children?

Does Father Really Know Best?

(Continued)

she adds, "It works the other way, too. Children should love their parents equally and not try to take over one parent."

At the other edge of the teens, Billy Gray (Bud) mulls the question carefully—and shows an unexpected sympathy for the woman's viewpoint: "There should be a balance of affection and attention tending toward the *children*. If the husband is sensitive and intelligent, he'll know the score. And if the wife has got herself a dumb, stupid guy who doesn't understand—then she'd better call the whole thing off, anyway!"

Oldest of the Anderson offspring, Elinor Donahue (Betty) agrees—but for different reasons: "*Children* come first because they're so wonderful! If there is great love between husband and wife, they'll be working hard toward the same goal—a happy family. Of course," she reflects, "I'm not an average girl. I haven't had a father since I was five. I guess the observations of my mother helped me decide. Even as a little girl, she wanted to have lots of babies when she grew up. She had us three and is now raising grandchildren, and loves it. She's (*Continued on page* 65)



At 13, Lauren—happy with Mrs. Chapin and brothers Michael and Billy —refuses to take sides: "There should be enough love to go around."

Jane Wyatt is devoted to sons Christopher (left) and Michael (right)—but admits her first allegiance is to her husband, Edgar Ward (center). Says Jane, "A woman who thinks of nothing but her children is wrong for everyone—including herself."





Following her own mother's inclinations, Elinor Donahue votes for child-supremacy—"because they're so wonderful!"



More interested in hobbies than dates, at this stage, Billy Gray favors the children, too—for other reasons.

So close is Bob Young's TV family to his own, there's even a similarity in names. With four daughters—Barbara and Carol on couch, Betty Lou and Kathy on floor—he's outnumbered by the fair sex, considers his wife Betty (right) queen of them all.





GOBEL'S

Cinderella Kids

Don't call him "Lonesome George," now that he has this lively quintet to keep him company—five youthful Pettits singing their way "next door" to fame

By EUNICE FIELD

THERE'S always room on the stage," said Al Jolson, "for something new." So—alongside such delightful duos as the Everly Brothers, such terrific trios as the McGuires, such fascinating foursomes as the Lennons—now steps a quality-plus quintet, "The Kids Next Door." Once called "The Petites," after the family name of Pettit, they are currently featured on NBC-TV's *George Gobel Show*. They have also rung up their first solid hit record, "Sweetie Pie," and are reaching for more of the same.

From Emmetsburg, Iowa, with little more than three thousand souls, to the glitter and throng of Hollywood may seem a long way to travel. But the Kids made it in four short jumps. As the Kids went, so went the family. In fact, their rise to fame may be charted by following the trail of the Pettit family from city to city in their search for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Accompanied on the piano by their mother, Marie, the Kids gave their first show some twelve years ago at a firemen's ball in their hometown. Only the four older children—Bob, then eight; Alice, 7; Patty, 6, Mary, 3—were in the act at that time. They made no great splash in theatrical circles, but their performance was received with hearty applause by their good neighbors and friends. As a result, they began entering—and winning—all the local amateur contests and, before long, found themselves much in demand at school and church affairs.

Their first "paid" performance—and, as Bob recalls, "What an exciting day that was in the Pettit family!"—was at a Lions Club meeting. The check was for ten dollars, but it might have been a million, the Kids were so thrilled. Not only were they doing what they most loved—singing—but now they were making money at it, as well.

Then, in June of 1952, as a means of fostering their children's career, Claude and Marie Pettit decided to make their first big move, to Spencer. "Some big move," (*Continued on page* 86)

"The Kids Next Door" sing on *The George Gobel Show*, seen in color and black-and-white on NBC-TV, every other Tues., 8 to 9 P.M. EST, for Radio Corporation of America and RCA Victor.



Once "The Petites," Bob and Claudia (rear), Alice, Patty and Mary (left to right) are now "The Kids Next Door" to the star of *The George Gobel Show*. Back in Iowa, dad had told 'em the breaks were sure to come. G.G. made it certain-sure.



Papa-Pettit joins his quintet in a modern quadrille. There are also two younger brothers. Below, left to right: Patty, 18, holding Claude Jr., 5; Mary, 15; mama Marie and Claude Sr.; Bob, 20. On the floor: Claudia, 11; Donny, 9; Alice, 19.




THE
PERRY
COMO
SHOW
the Saturday

Night Miracle

During hour show, major production numbers mass as many as 35 performers before color cameras.

The familiar, casual figure stands alone in center-stage. To each of his millions of TV fans, Perry sings directly,

"Dream along with me . . ."

And at that intimate high moment of stagecraft, over 200 men and women—behind the scenes—are hard at work. Their inspiring task is to create an illusion. On the following pages, we look behind the color image of Perry Como on the TV screen to see how they do it . . .



Clark Jones, producer-director, assistant Jim Fox. Final instructions on p.a. system.

THE PERRY COMO SHOW:

the Saturday Night Miracle



Como show draws costumes from many sources, costume houses like Brooks, Eaves, 7th Avenue, or name designers.



Design and rendering of scenery takes 25 men, who work miles away from the Ziegfeld Theater on West 18th Street.



In rehearsal hall near Radio City, dancers work all week perfecting the choreography set up by Louis Da Pron.



Orchestral By Friday each week, the rehearsal with director Mitch Ayres swings into action at the Ziegfeld.



Singers are under direction of Ray Charles, who works with several arrangers for top performance on show.



The star gives forth—all day Friday. All day Saturday. Here with Mitch Ayres and accompanist, Perry sings.

On stage, a cast of 33. But hard at work, unseen, behind the cameras, is an efficient small "army": 27 engineers, 4 men at the master control board, 6 at the film studio handling commercials, 35 stagehands, 7 wardrobe changers, 31 orchestra men, 4 card-boys, 15 production people, 3 make-up men, 1 hairdresser, 3 studio supervisors, 20 pages, 6 maintenance men, 4 men handling air conditioning, 3 porters, 2 ticket girls. On stage and off, that's 204 . . . and we're not counting the 25 men who have worked all week on scenery, the truckers who have hauled the props, the writers, the hard-working staff of Como's own office. Here's the story of *everybody* who makes the Como show:

By DANIEL STERN

EVERY SATURDAY, all across the nation, families settle down into comfortable chairs and wait for the clock to point to the hour when Como is due on TV. For, at that moment, on the television screens of America, there will appear in their living rooms a friendly, relaxed young man. Whoever you are, Perry will smile at you, perhaps touch his ear in his familiar gesture, and gently begin to sing.

The real truth is that behind that casual entrance into the homes of one of the largest audiences in television lies a fabulous story . . . a story of a small army of people without whom the weekly entertainment blockbuster that is *The Perry Como Show* could never reach your screens. Proof that a major color show

Continued ▶



With final stage work beginning on Saturday, Perry has conference with Louis Da Pron and head cameraman.



Vital to the show is Frank Gallop, announcer, whose voice is familiar to millions, though face is seldom seen.



Last minute change of script? That's a matter for Goodman Ace, writer, —seen here conferring with Perry.

Late on Friday, everybody gets together. Dancers, singers, the orchestra, Perry, guests—the show is taking its final format.

THE PERRY COMO SHOW:

the Saturday Night Miracle

(Continued)



As show time, 8 P.M. EST, draws near, the crowd begins to gather outside the Ziegfeld Theater. Twenty pages, 4 air-conditioning men, 3 porters, 3 special police are on hand.



They're on the air! And the images picked up by the color cameras are fed to NBC Master Control, four blocks away in the RCA Building at Radio City. Electronics goes to work.



The show goes on, in both color and black-and-white, with today is an undertaking of fantastic proportions.

During show backstage, Michi, Japanese beauty who handles costuming, is checking out players for the stage.



Stagehands handle both large and small "props" during show period. Split-second action is required.



For the first minute of that show, what you see is Perry, ready to entertain you. Well, let's take a look at what you can't see. . . . Above Perry's head is a dense jungle of wires, microphones and lights. In front of him are three color cameras, each manned by an expert cameraman. Past them are the many monitors—color sets which show exactly how the show looks on the air.

To the side of the cameras stand the men holding the cue cards. (They're famous now, as a standard Perry joke: The singer who's so relaxed he often forgets his lines—a habit which has helped make him like one of the family. "You know, that's what I'd do, if I had to be up there on TV," any viewer might say to his wife.)

Over to the right of the stage is the thirty-piece orchestra led by plump, balding Mitchell (*Continued on page* 92)



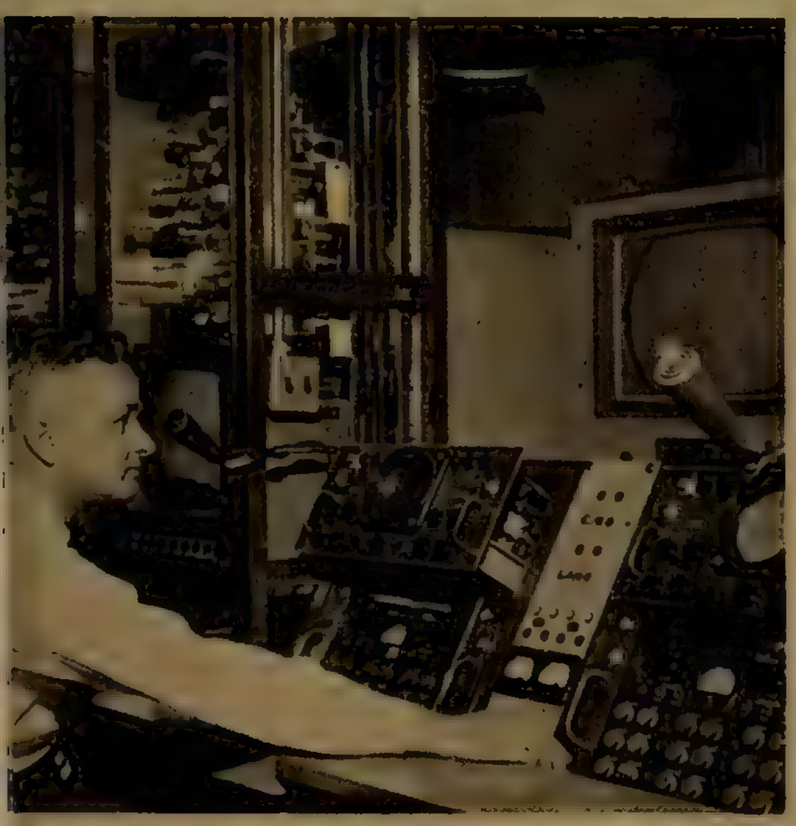
Perry Como as the center-stage attraction for millions every week.



Change of scene—and stagehands rapidly roll out what looks like an old Texas-range fence. At right, singing-and-dancing number is just finishing up.



Guest star Dale Robertson, of Wells Fargo series, joins Perry as a fence-sitter. Note audio pick-up within a few feet, cameras, monitor screen at left.



In film studio at RCA Building, filmed commercial segments of the show are monitored by technician.



In a separate room, a crew of six technicians watch and control the visual image shown on monitor, left.



Inspirational note at show's end is hymn sung by Perry. A man of genuine faith, it strikes no jarring note.

The Perry Como Show, NBC-TV, Sat., 8 P.M. EST, for American Dairy, Chemstrand, Kimberly-Clark, Noxzema, RCA, Whirlpool and Sunbeam.

IN DEFENSE OF *Working Mothers*



Above, as seen in *Search For Tomorrow,* Joanne Tate (Mary Stuart), husband Arthur (Terry O'Sullivan) and daughter Patti (Lynn Loring). Below, as seen at home, Mary's wed to Richard Krolik and has a boy and a girl.



Daughter Cynthia was born in 1955, son Jeffrey in 1956. With two such lively youngsters to bring up, Mary has learned many valuable pointers about managing both home and career. "So far," says the popular star, "Richard and I feel that none of us has missed anything . . . the time we spend together and with the children is doubly precious to us both."







Mary Stuart finds fulfillment in a triple life which would be a challenge to any woman—as wife, homemaker, and star of TV's Search For Tomorrow

By ALICE FRANCIS

NO ONE knows better than Mary Stuart that modern woman has more opportunities—and more responsibilities—than ever before in history. As a mother in both private life and on CBS-TV's *Search For Tomorrow,* Mary also realizes fully that these advantages and disadvantages increase proportionately when modern woman works outside her home. "A working mother," she points out, "has three jobs: Her children, her husband and home, and her outside job. It takes a lot of love, a lot of common sense, stamina and health, to swing them all. And a lot of experience, because most of us learn by trial-and-error and by becoming a little more mature every day. We also learn a little, (*Continued on page* 77)

Mary Stuart stars as Joanne Tate in *Search For Tomorrow,* on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company.



Teen-Age

But listen, girls . . . so you can make the same hilarious mistakes I did . . . laugh the same laughs, cry the same tears . . . and find a husband like mine!

By GALE STORM

Today, Gale and husband Lee Bonnell can afford to laugh at her unique but effective method of "getting her man." Right, on a cruise—*Gale Storm Show* style—with children Phillip, Peter, Paul, Susanna. The boys, she says, are very tolerant with their young mother, but only a girl can really understand the topsy-turvy feminine point of view!





The Gale Storm Show, CBS-TV, Sat., 9 P.M., EST, is sponsored by Nestle Co. (Nescafe Instant Coffee) and Lever Brothers (Dove).

TEEN-AGE MARRIAGES certainly do pay off—especially if your name is Josephine Owaissa (Indian for "bluebird") Cottle Bonnell, known in the trade as Gale Storm. And if you solemnly swore not to marry until twenty-five. And if you were a level-headed honor student—no problem-type girl—in high school. And, at sixteen were definitely immature but aware of it. And if you met an older man (eighteen) and knew—absolutely knew—that was *it*. And threw all your plans out the window except one—the one to get your man. And got him. And had your children. And grew up with, and through them both. Then you know that teen-age marriages pay off . . . *jackpots* every day of the world.

I can't make an all-out statement that it works for everybody. But, if the basics are there and the marriage is for the right reasons, it can be great. And if this marriage commercial needs a walking testimonial, I'll stand up and be counted. I know God had to be watching over me the day I met (*Continued on page* 82)

Marriages Do Pay Off



the Real Glamour Men of TV



They dig the news the most—and have women watching and listening to current events as never before. Among the top headliners with the headlines, on both TV and radio: Chet Huntley of NBC (above), Walter Cronkite of CBS (below), and John Secondari of ABC (at right).



For personality—or fan mail—no one tops the news analysts. Take these jet-propelled examples: Chet Huntley, Walter Cronkite and John Secondari





Left, NBC-TV's daily *Huntley-Brinkley Report* teams Chet from New York, David from Washington. Mr. H. considers Mr. B. a model young newsman, believes newspaper experience invaluable in such work.



Chet himself went straight from pre-medical studies to broadcasting, finds his Montana college training helpful in thorough research for such telecasts as Sunday's *Chet Huntley Reporting.* It's useful, too, on far-flying trips to gather news and views "at the source"—as in Chet's visit with Israeli youth, above.



When it comes to "glamour," he bows to the distaff side of the Huntley family. Above, with his wife Ingrid and daughter Leanne (older girl, Sharon, is a student at Oregon U.). Chet tries not to be away from home more than ten days at a time, can pack in a minute-and-a-half, when he has to—everything's in a briefcase!

By RUTH NATHAN

IN SOLID and enduring fashion, the TV public is making it plain that it enjoys glamour of a higher order. It has fallen hard for a dashing crew of well-spoken, well-traveled men with brainy sex appeal—the globe-trotting news analysts. How many women have "crushes" on such headliners as Edward R. Murrow, John Daly, Eric Sevareid, Winston Burdette, Daniel Schorr—to name just a handful? Plenty! How many men envy them the pace and challenge of their work, which can have them at home with the wife and kids one night, in Turkey the next? Plenty!

We turned the tables on a representative trio of distinguished story-getters, who answered questions instead of asking them. The big three: Chet Huntley (NBC), Walter Cronkite (CBS) and John Secondari (ABC). This article may reveal why each has the pulling power of intellectual glamour and is tops in electronic appeal.

The Huntley Method was described to us in the Huntley office at Radio City—a room virtually upholstered in ticker tapes from the wire news services. For all his hard-hitting coolness on camera, there is a surprise feeling of friendliness in Chet's personal presence, mingled with an unmistakable maleness which has earned him some of the most enthusiastic feminine fan mail ever received at NBC.

As for the Huntley Method, Chet describes it as "depth and speed" in gathering and analyzing big-situation news. "I am seldom gone for more than ten days at a time," he says, unlike other rovers who go off for much longer periods. "I find that my wife, Ingrid, can sit out this period with great equanimity and it lessens our blissful battles," he smiles, giving one good reason why he has to work well in a hurry.

In spite of his relatively short stays on location for a story, Chet certainly has proved his reportorial depth, winning many major awards in journalism and wide critical acclaim for his role as editor of the Sunday report formerly called *Outlook.* Chet explains that he's a mighty thorough boy before he

Continued



Chief of his net's Washington News Bureau, John Secondari broadcasts daily on ABC Radio, is host of *Open Hearing* Sundays on ABC-TV (above, with astronomer Dr. Franklyn Branley, space-expert Willy Ley). In rare leisure moments, he writes such best-selling novels as "Coins in the Fountain."



Widower Secondari is devoted to his son John. A man of deep emotion, he insists there's no "romance" in modern news-gathering, but admits he's had his share of real drama, both here and abroad. Roman-born, he speaks many languages, can be at home anywhere, is ready to travel in six minutes flat.

the Real Glamour Men of TV

(Continued)



John doesn't like TV make-up, submits only to conceal his fast-growing "beard."

arrives on the spot, getting to know his subject as well as the most careful research will allow. This, he thinks, may be traced to a three-year pre-medical course at Montana State College. "I do not believe in doing a story off the top of my head," he says. "I like the time to weigh, study, give anguish to it, if need be; think it through, go dizzy, pace back and forth with it."

Chet decided he would be happier in a more extrovert field than medicine when he won the National Oratory Tournament in 1932 and became steeped in speech and drama. "I dropped the cadavers for live news after I got my B.A., and did radio newscasts for the *Seattle Star* station . . . then other radio jobs and, finally, television."

Chet had a fling at two other networks before he came to NBC. In 1955, when he was employed by another network, it was his opinion that an interview with Tunisian President Bourguiba warranted coverage. His usual persuasiveness obviously failed him and he was unable to get an okay from the bosses. "I thereupon quit my job and invested nine weeks and sixty-five hundred dollars of my own money in going after the story. I had faith that another network would buy it."

NBC got excited about both the film and newsman Huntley. He's been with the network ever since, under contract. "The Bourguiba thing is the most personal gratification I've ever had from a story," Huntley says, "I guess because I was proving a point." Another of his



Daily newscasts on both CBS-TV and CBS Radio keep Walter Cronkite "on the go."



Walter's work often makes him an "absentee husband," away from wife Betsy, daughters Nancy Elizabeth (now 10) and Mary Kathleen (8), baby son Walter III. Betsy rebelled only once—after he'd been away four years as a combat correspondent during the war: "Then I chased him to Brussels!"

favorite shows was based on Israel's Tenth Anniversary . . . "I believed in it."

The influence of Chet's medical studies runs like a thread throughout his patterns of behavior and attitudes. About his most advertised scoop—he was the first newsman to cover the Nevada H-bomb test in the spring of 1953—he says: "I'm a cool character in moments of disaster. I can look at blood objectively and at a person who is apparently dead—including myself!—always thinking, *He's got some life, he can be saved.* I feel I can revive the deadest . . . also, I'm a great one for applying a tourniquet."

When faced with great danger and the real possibility of death, Chet says candidly, "All I can think of is why should everything end in such a stupid way . . . what a rotten shame to go so soon . . . I feel utter frustration and forlornness. Resentment at fate is uppermost. My resentment, of course, stirs up my adrenalins and gives me fighting courage."

Chet has been married twenty-one years to Ingrid Rolin. His shapely red-haired Swedish wife can almost match him in height, being five-nine in bare feet and close to Chet's six-one with her high heels on. They have two lovely daughters, Sharon, 19, and Leanne, 16. Sharon is a student at the University of Oregon and Leanne attends the Nightingale Bramford School in New York.

Chet is most happy in his work when he is looked upon as honest, fearless, and no special pleader for anyone. "I'm never afraid of cutting (*Continued on page* 94)



Literally "from Missouri," Walter will fly anywhere to get first-hand information for such big Sunday telecasts as *The Twentieth Century*. Tops on any tailor's best-dressed list, he believes good grooming inspires confidence in an interviewer, takes all of twenty minutes to pack for a trip.



Everybody's Princess

Baby Terry is the pride and joy of two close-knit "families"—not only mama Jeanne Cagney's, but the entire staff of Queen For A Day

By DORA ALBERT

Terry's really their baby: Jeanne and husband Jack Morrison; Charlie and Patience, Jack's children by an earlier marriage; and little Mary Ann—who now treasures the very same doll (right) which Grandma Cagney once gave three-year-old Jeanne "to keep her company while Mama's in the hospital."





NO LADY-IN-WAITING ever had so many delighted "assistants" as Jeanne Cagney, while she prepared for the birth of her second child, last summer. The Cagneys, of course —including brother Jimmy—are family-minded as can be. And the Morrisons—very definitely including Jeanne's husband Jack—have an equally big heart for children. But nothing could surpass the enthusiasm of the entire cast of *Queen For A Day*, of which Jeanne has been a part for more than five years, first as fashion coordinator and now as fashion commentator.

"When I get married and have a baby," smiles one of the other girls from *Queen For A Day*, "if someone asks me if that's my first baby, I'll say, 'Oh, no. I had two with





Fashion commentator Jeanne Cagney's baby was also "adopted" by star Jack Bailey and everyone else on *Queen For A Day*. Left, Jeanne and Terry—posed before a "painting" done by Mary Ann.

Fans took Terry to their hearts, too. When they sent many precious handmade gifts, wise, warmhearted Jeanne bought bootees for Mary Ann's favorite doll, so that no one could feel "neglected"!

Jeanne Cagney Morrison!'" Everyone shared in the joyful excitement, and Jack Bailey, the program's jovial emcee, was even inspired to heights of prophecy. Jeanne's baby, he confidently predicted, would be a boy, born July 29, at 4:30 P.M. But he rejoiced as heartily as anyone, when wee Terry chose to arrive on July 27, at exactly half-past noon, a rosy and very feminine little girl.

Terry, in fact, proved to be just what the other Morrison children wanted. To Jeanne's first child, Mary Ann (now three), she was *"my* baby." To Charlie, Jeanne's eleven-year-old (*Continued on page* 88)

Queen For A Day, as emceed by Jack Bailey, is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, at 4 P.M. EST, and heard over Mutual, M-F, 11:35 A.M. EST.



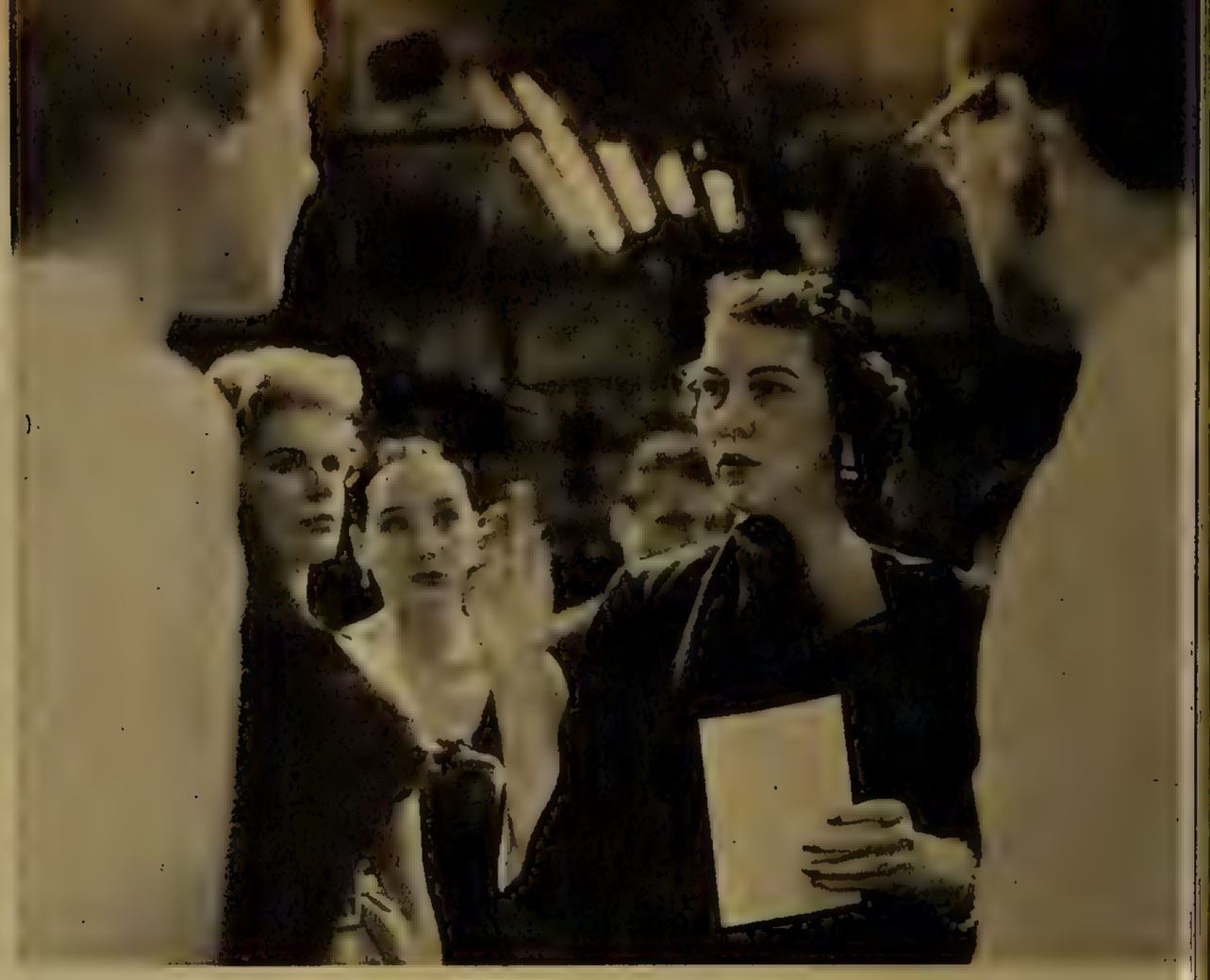
Martha
MEETS THE WORLD



"It's not that I do so much," says pretty, politics-minded Martha. "It's that too many women do too little."

Beauty and brains go together—
when Martha Rountree produces a show

By HARRIET SEGMAN



Even during pre-show conference before *Leave It To The Girls*, Martha Rountree maintains her fresh, unruffled good looks.

"WHAT makes a woman beautiful?" we asked Martha Rountree, producer of Washington news shows and creator of the currently popular *Leave It To The Girls*, a panel show seen on WNTA-TV in the New York area, featuring glamour, brains and beauty. Her answer came, in her well-known Southern accent, "Most important is a certain inner quality. If you notice a woman's clothes, she's probably dressed in poor taste." Martha herself wears mostly basics in navy blue and black. And for entertaining at her Washington home? "When I can afford it, Charlie James makes my party dresses, with fitted bodices, nipped-in waist, and very slim or full skirts. One is forty-two yards wide. They're green, blue, white, red, black—chiffon, silk or cotton. I never wear strapless dresses or jewelry." Make-up? "Bright red lipstick, brown eyebrow pencil and mascara. I need eye make-up because my lashes and brows are so blonde." For Martha's TV use, Eddie Senz has compounded a special beige liquid make-up that doesn't antagonize her sensitive skin. She washes her face three times a day with soap and water. After TV make-up, she takes twenty minutes to cream and soap her face, using a sponge for a thorough scrub-up without irritation. She hates bangs, wears a simple, medium-length hairdo, gets eight hours of sleep a night, drinks sixteen glasses of water a day. ("I won't say it makes me beautiful, but it keeps me healthy.") How does she do it all? Direct her Washington home, New York apartment, and business staff, raise two daughters, manage her shows, stay on top of political events—and still always appear lovely and unruffled. Martha finds that the good grooming she feels she owes to her family and her public takes attention to detail, rather than time. Besides, she doesn't feel she does so much. "It's that too many women do too little. You *must* know about politics. It's part of working for your home and your family." Has being a woman handicapped her in the news field? "Definitely," she answers. "I've been double-crossed and lied to—and I wasn't trained to be aggressive. You've got to be tough and ingenious. But my grandfather always said, "Competition is a compliment. No one shoots at you unless you're in front of a crowd.'" That's where you find Martha.

Does Father Really Know Best?

(*Continued from page 44*)

just a natural mother," Elinor sums up.

As a father, both on the air and off, Robert Young (Jim Anderson) considers every angle of the question. "God was very thoughtful to arrange a slow growth," he says quietly, "to give parents and children time to adjust to one another. Parenthood has many responsibilities and problems. But it should be purposeful, joyful, exhilarating. Often, we make it a dreary period. We drag ourselves through. Then we're appalled that the children haven't matured. It's a little cowardly, not facing the fact that we ourselves haven't grown up. Why should children mature before their parents?

"As to the main question, there's no doubt that Betty, my own wife, comes first with me, and I know I come first with her. It's just a matter of degree. But why a decision on who is more important? In a sound, healthy family unit, *none* is more important than the other. Some mothers may devote too much time and attention to their children. But I can't help thinking that most of the articles about the male 'losing his position in the home' have only caused confusion. There may be some 'poor males,'" he grins, "who occasionally chafe and think back longingly on bachelor years—but that doesn't keep them from being good, solid parents."

Each member of TV's Anderson family has been interviewed separately and, if their answers differ or dovetail, it is quite by accident. Jane Wyatt, of course, feels most confident speaking of the relationship between mother and child. "A mother shouldn't try to be a pal to a child," she believes. "She's the person in authority, so she should relieve his confusion and make decisions too big for him.

"My two boys, Christopher and Michael, are very unlike each other. Chris is moody and too shy. Mike is never shy—he can go anywhere, take anything on the chin. Yet Chris is working to be an engineer at M.I.T., and Mike is musical. So different, and yet in some areas they must be treated alike.

"When they first started to date," she recalls, "I removed the burden of indecision. They were told when to be home. So, even if their date's mother made no restrictions, they knew when to say goodnight. A boy doesn't know when to take a girl home, he's not old enough. They could have had a perfectly miserable time—both wondering when to head for home, and being afraid to say. . . . Isn't it a miraculous thing for children that, through love, mothers are willing and happy to do the million-and-one chores they wouldn't dream of doing for anyone else? Not only helping to make decisions—but providing taxi service, picking up clothes, giving twenty-four-hour service in the sickroom. . . .

"But a husband should come first with a woman," she continues. "If she makes her decision about her life *before* children, then most of that problem is taken care of. My husband Ed and I have always gone off by ourselves at times, and we never had a crying child clinging to the car. They know they're loved. A kiss, a hug, goodbye, and we can be off to Italy or camping in the High Sierras—which Ed and I love and the boys hate. By the same token, they have their fun. If Ed and I are out to a dinner party—say, Saturday night—then the boys have an opportunity for a special activity on Sunday, I used to love to think up things to do with them. I liked reading a book aloud to them," she grins, "but always a book that was very entertaining for me, as well."

Jane points out that she recently made a cross-country tour of personal appearances for the CBS-TV series. While in the East, she visited her folks, saw Chris at M.I.T., and enjoyed everything completely—until she was on her way home. Then she became impatient to see her husband. Happily, she has never felt matter-of-fact about coming home.

She feels it is important to remember that husband and wife don't have to agree on big things—but they must, on the little things. From TV to bridge, going out or staying in, reading or dancing, it's the little things that make a marriage happy, in her opinion. Her zest for living, intelligent attitude and obvious success as both wife and mother are reflected in her own home and on the television screen.

"I remember when Chris was small," she smiles. "Our minister was talking about not letting children rule the roost. Discussing when and how to let them go, he used the simile of the mother bird pushing her little ones out of the nest. Chris gave me a funny little look—kind of frightened. So, after church, I explained *how* a mother bird pushes: She teaches them to fly, to use their own wings, first.

"Of course, the mouse-type woman is rather frightening," she observes. "You know—the one who stays home all the time. Never goes out, and expects husband and children to do the same. Making them stay home with her, never letting them have kids in, jealously guarding all time for herself. Well, naturally, her husband is bored beyond words, and it's very bad for the children.

"Then there's the other extreme—the mother who gets so involved in all the activities to help her children that she doesn't have time to take care of them or her husband. Loaded with P.-T.A., lectures, luncheons, Den mother, Scout leader, Sunday school class and *constructive* clubs, she had better stop chiseling on her family! Get it all done in the daytime, and be home evenings. For all those extra-curricular activities eventually call for a bored, extra-activity man—and she can only hope he'll take his loneliness out in bowling.

"Yes, to me," she concludes, "husbands do—they have to—come first in the family. However, I have a friend who says, 'I hope my daughter will be a good wife. But my prayer every night is that she will be a good mother.'"

That friend would be proud of Elinor Donahue, who says shyly, "I can tell you what *Betty Anderson* wants—she wants a marriage with intellectual stimulation, great romance, mutual respect, things in common and a lot of differences, too. It's fun to learn someone else's hobbies. Someone you love. And, when the babies come, Betty wants to be able to love them fully and yet have separate areas for her husband. To have special nights when the children are loved and put to bed, so that we can do anything we care to. Watch TV, go out dancing—anything. And sometimes, if the grandmother is the right kind, leave the baby for a weekend, just to be alone together. Maybe go to a nursery and pick out plants for the garden, take in the hobby show, have a barbecue steak on your own patio, and hold hands in a double-feature. That's what Betty wants.

"I can give you an example of what *I* don't want to be, as a mother," she adds. "I know a fifteen-year-old girl who's called 'hard to handle.' She wears too much make-up, tight sweaters and skirts, extra-high heels. She stays out too late and you'd think she was a real mess—until you meet her mother. She is a whiner. She wails, 'I don't know what's wrong with my daughter. We've given her everything—cashmere sweaters, television, watches, clothes, jewelry.' It's pretty simple to another girl. There's no love in that family—no relationship. They've tried to buy her without love. So, in her own teen-age way, she's going out to look for love."

Already mature in her outlook, Elinor answers another question raised by the program's audiences. "People ask me if I feel that the Andersons are my family—if Mr. Young seems like my father. Although the show has opened up new and happy relationships for me, Betty is an *acting* job, first and foremost. When a scene's over, I revert to *me!*"

On the other hand, youthful Lauren Chapin says positively, "I love Robert Young more than anybody. Although I have a father I love dearly, I don't live with him anymore. So Mr. Young takes his place for me. I like Miss Wyatt a lot, but I have a mother—so I don't need her like I do Mr. Young. He's so interested in what we do. Like I'm going to a dance at Black Fox Military Academy tonight. He's really interested and wants me to tell him all about it Monday. I've been with his daughters and the Andersons more than my own family in the last five years."

"We've always been a close family," Bob Young explains, "sharing each other's problems and joys. However, I occasionally can't escape the feeling of being a bit of an outsider in my own home. In a house full of women—we have four daughters—it's easy to imagine the feelings of a lone male! Not only am I outnumbered, but, I'm afraid, very often outfought and outmaneuvered. In fairness to the girls, however, I must admit that they do make me feel necessary and very much loved.

"I've learned a great deal from my wife, who is a wise person, with a delightful sense of humor. And I don't know if children learn from us, but we certainly learn from them. We tend to clutter up children in our thinking. We're inclined to 'group' them. They are separate and different forms of humanity.

"Our girls all have definite but different senses of humor," he observes. "It's interesting—four girls with the same environment and same parents, and yet quite different girls. My wife and I have been blessed with a basic curiosity, a desire to learn. Only one daughter has the hungry, probing mind that takes in knowledge intravenously. So we wondered: Could we teach the others? We were trying to resolve how much to push, how much to leave alone—that's when we became really aware of *not* pushing them into any ideal image in our own minds."

Bob pauses. "That's a popular and pleasant pastime for parents. Each child has special gifts. All we can do is provide the supplies. My wife is a firm believer in an extra law of compensation: Lacking in one place, we have abundance in another."

Well, here is an "abundance" of opinions about who comes first in the family—husband or children. Five individual, carefully considered opinions in the best tradition of a family TV audiences have learned to love and respect—even if not all of them believe that "Father knows best."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT



Softly, the big beat beckons, in the "very elegant" mood of Hildegarde.



Congo guide Chris Pollet tells Lowell Thomas why he left farm: Crocodiles laid eggs and elephants tramped up the aisle after first act.

A Hole in the Head: No recession in TV billings. Total income for three networks for past year greater than ever—over a billion dollars before taxes. . . . Preparations already being made for Presley's return. Screen director Charles O'Curran (Patti Page's husband) in Manhattan looking for Army story for Elvis. Properties already purchased for Elvis are being shelved with plans to lead off with a GI epic. O'Curran firmly believes in Presley's future as an actor. . . . Phil Silvers' spec, January 23, CBS-TV, will not feature big names. It has to do with Phil's usual philosophy about giving up-and-coming talent a break. . . . The British, who have imported many of our TV shows, will retaliate by sending us a female-panel format titled *Yakity Yak*. . . . Richard Boone, star of TV's *Have Gun, Will Travel,* will make his headquarters in New York when he opens February on Broadway playing Abraham Lincoln in "The Rivalry." Arlene Francis's husband, Martin Gabel, plays the role of Stephen Douglas. (Incidentally, this does not mean Boone will give up his TV series.) . . . Peter Lind Hayes turning down offers for an hour-long night show. Calls night-TV a "pressure cooker." ABC-TV now muttering about getting Bardot for a spec but odds against it. Word has it she figures she is making a fortune in the States by keeping herself remote. And then, even Sinatra couldn't woo her to Hollywood. . . . Steve Allen will move himself and show to California during summer hiatus. The permanent switch will be made for personal reasons. Steve has three sons out there by his first marriage and he'd like to see more of them. Furthermore, he and wife Jayne think California is a better place to bring up their baby boy. . . .

Tired of Love: "For the first time in my life, I'm not deeply in love, and this is odd because I'm twenty-five and all my life I've been falling in love." So speaks Kathy Nolan, green-eyed, red-haired beauty of *The Real McCoys.* Sitting in her suite at the Plaza, she was asked about her beau, Nick Adams. She said, "He was waiting outside the hotel to surprise me when I got into the city, but we're just very good friends." Speaking of love again, she continued, "I guess I'm tired of dating. I suppose most girls think of marriage early. I did, and I was always unconsciously hunting. But no more. Now I'm going to relax." She prefers men in their early thirties. "Those in their twenties are still boys. They can only talk of themselves." She worries that marriage will conflict with her career. "I can scare a serious date two ways. They will say, 'Of course, you intend to give up your work when you marry.' Well, I wouldn't and couldn't. I've been in show business since I was thirteen months old and it's part of my life. On the other hand, I've scared men with talk of a large family. I intend to have a lot of children. What worries me is how I'm going to manage both a family and career."

Inside Curves: Johnny Carson will be considered as replacement for Paar if Jack decides to quit his late assignment. Paar's Genevieve, in meantime, may absent herself to make a movie. . . . Hard luck for Teal Ames, star of *Edge Of Night.* She got all the way to Europe to start a three-week vacation and was then flown home with pneumonia. . . . Behind the doors, they are no longer talking of network radio's revival but in terms of radio's survival. This month, CBS cuts back, deleting four serials plus other shows from their radio service. . . . *The Timex Jazz Show,* CBS-TV, January 7, includes Satchmo, Shearing, Dakota Staton and the Dukes of Dixieland. . . . Ann Scott, Miss April in *Love Of Life,* came over from England about a year ago. Now she is sending for her furniture. Says it's less expensive than buying new stuff. . . . It's easy to lose calories if you're a TV star. It's a trade secret, but cameramen can make you look taller and slimmer. . . . Marion James, who has modeled on *Big Payoff* seven years, had baby son, Jeffrey, and is again back on the show. . . . Connie Francis has an eye for one of the Diamonds but, to be realistic, she hasn't had time for a real date in nine



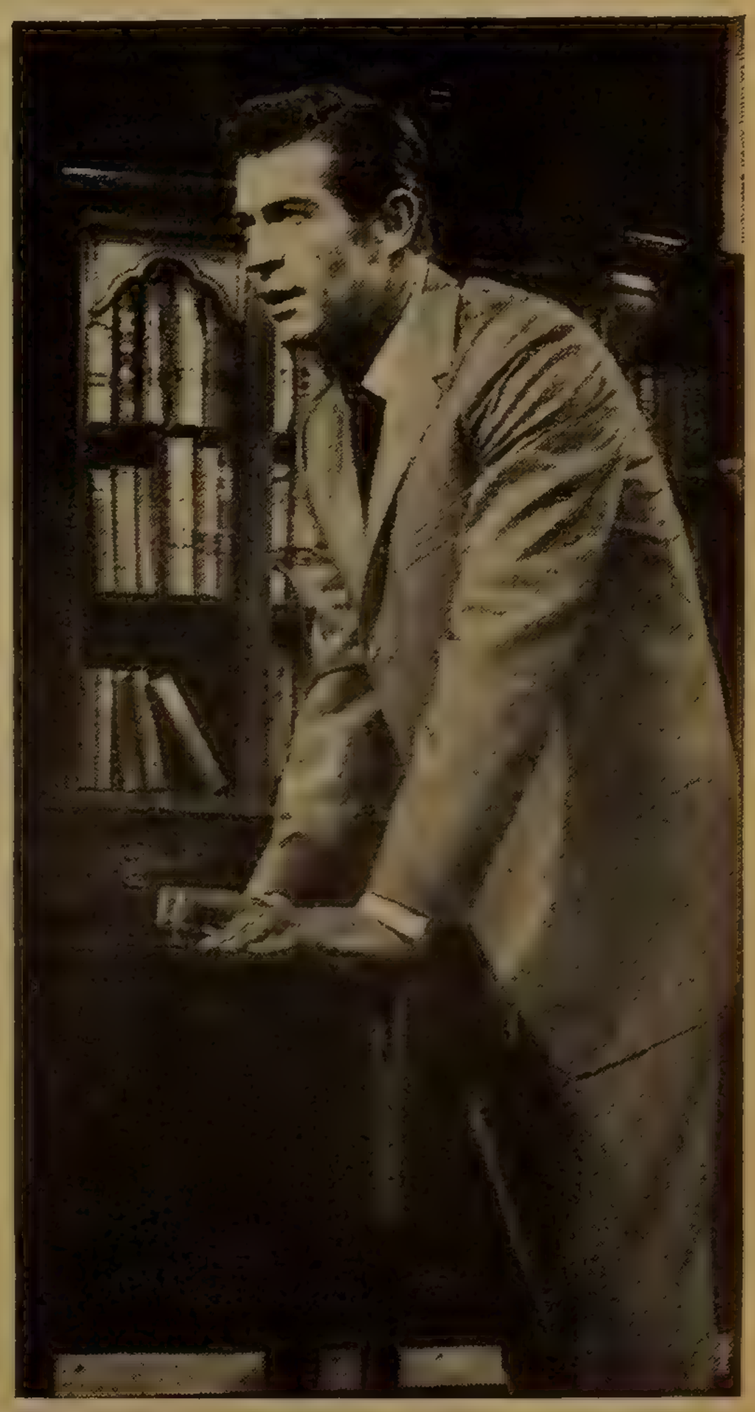


Which sleuth would win in a three-way match of wits—Jack *Dragnet* Webb, Raymond *Perry Mason* Burr, or George *Ellery Queen* Nader? Ray himself (above, right) won't try to answer, but admits it would be an interesting test.

months. And Connie is becoming big business. She bought two dress shops in New Jersey out of her record profits. . . . Bob Barker, of *Truth Or Consequences,* asked a contestant, "If wives dressed to please their husbands, what would they wear?"—and got this answer, "Last year's clothes."

Everyone Rocks: Anyone who hoped rock 'n' roll was a passing fad may as well give up. Now the very sophisticated Hildegarde—recently seen on *Voice Of Firestone*—has included two R&R items in her repertoire. For Coral, she has recorded a French R&R item titled, "Souvenirs of Summer." In her latest album, Design's "The Incomparable Hildegarde," she sings with a beat, "If I Knew You Were Coming, I'd Have Baked a Cake"—and in German yet. She said, during the interview, "I'm not making fun of rock 'n' roll. I've always liked a strong beat but, of course, the way I do it it's not frenzied. It's rather elegant rock 'n' roll." She adds, "And when Hildegarde sings, no one dances. You listen. And if the beat gets you, then you are confined to cracking your knuckles. Softly, of course." . . . And Kathryn Murray, who contributes to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* each year on the state of popular dance, told us, "Rock 'n' roll was bigger than ever in 1958, but it's no longer raucous. Now that it's quieted down, I'm sure it will have a great influence on all dancing, just as jitterbugging did some years ago. I know that Arthur, in casting our show, has actually turned down big-name ballad singers in favor of youngsters who sing with a beat."

For Ears Alone: Met soprano Renata Tebaldi, who will be thrilling you January 12 on NBC-TV's music spec, "Adventures in Sound," can be heard in beautiful fidelity in Victor's album, "Cavalleria Rusticana." . . . Rise Stevens, who starred in the film and TV versions of "The Chocolate Soldier," stars again in a double-decker Victor album along with Robert Merrill and Peter Palmer. . . . On the pop side, Peggy Lee has a tremendous new album for Capitol titled "Things Are Swingin'." This gal puts fever into the tenderest of ballads and this is one of her most exciting collections. . . . TV's Bud Collyer, a long time favorite with the younger set, has compiled a delightful collection of games and songs for children in Victor's "Humpty Dumpty's Album." . . . In the jazz scene, M-G-M introduces the Metropolitan Jazz Quartet with sounds that have everything—a beat, style and melody. The musicians—Phil Bodner, Pat Merola and the Garisto brothers—set their ideas down in five separate LPs playing themes from TV shows, foreign movies, Broadway shows, classics and American movies. Highly recommended: The Jonah Jones Quar- (*Continued on page 75*)



For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 7

OUR BLUE HEAVEN



Big-city nature walk, Andrews version, wends its way eastside, westside.

Three for the show, and "up in the clouds" in TV calls—that's Johnny, Betti and Jonathan Andrews

THERE IS NOTHING unique about a TV-radio personality's being busy—it is the usual thing with many stars. But singer-pianist Johnny Andrews is busier than most—in fact, his whole family is. So busy, that he has had a "call board" installed so members of the family can keep track of one another and their television and radio activities. . . . Johnny himself, is host of WRCA-TV's *Sunday's Schedule,* seen from 8 to 11 A.M., and is communicator on the 4 to 8 P.M. Saturday segment of NBC Radio's *Monitor.* His lovely, blonde wife Betti (a former Miss Kentucky) is a model on the *Big Payoff,* seen on CBS. And five-year-old Jonathan does occasional TV commercials and has appeared with his father on his Saturday show. "But Jonathan is just getting started," smiles Johnny, "so he only has a small corner of the board for his activities." . . . When day's work is done, however, all three retire to their own little "piece of heaven," a four-and-a-half room penthouse in New York's Tudor City. There, they can view the city from their two terraces, play with their poodle "Buttons," or just relax while Johnny gives out with some smooth piano playing. . . . It was back during his four years at the New England Conservatory of Music that Johnny had first concentrated on the piano. Engagements with local bands, Johnny Long's orchestra and Rudy Vallee were the first stops in the blue-eyed Bostonian's career. After serving as a test pilot during the war, the handsome young singer-pianist worked the night clubs and did radio stints until 1948 when he was featured on NBC-TV's *Easy Does It.* This launched him on his successful TV career on all the major networks. . . . Johnny met his wife when they were both judges at a beauty contest held at the Reading State Fair in Pennsylvania. Eight weeks later, they were married in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Their son Jonathan, born two years later, is still seemingly unimpressed by his father's success. When Johnny hosted an afternoon TV show, little Jonathan would get all excited when he saw his father's face on the screen—his Dad's appearance reminded him it was time for Mickey Mouse and he'd promptly switch channels!



Now a popular TV star, Johnny Andrews once studied to be a concert pianist at New England Conservatory.





"It's a dog's life," says Buttons, the poodle, but with the Andrews family it's a penthouse paradise.

SHE BELIEVES IN US

Human relations genius Alma John of WWRL makes her strength the kids' strength —and they just can't let her down



Great guests are the rule on Alma's show, but never a commonplace—teens are thrilled by poet Langston Hughes' autographs.



She counts the musical greats, too, among her close friends. Here, on show with Belafonte.



"The world's our family," says Alma, but "closer to home" are (standing) grandniece Regina Berry, aunt Serena Brinson, niece Ruth Berry, with her Sheila, and (seated) Denise, with Alma's sister Edith Gardner, Charlene Berry, Lisley, Alma, niece Saundra Gardner.

FEW ARE able to find it, but it's a sure thing everybody's looking. Like that much-sought-for Fountain of Youth, Alma John's career, with its deep sense of mission and continuity, is an enviable thing. Though her talents and good works are shared high and wide via the WWRL-New York airwaves—every weekday at 2:30 P.M.—it doesn't surprise her listeners that Alma started public life as a nurse. Whether the topic of the day is world-scale or small, or in-between, Alma's essential care for life is uppermost. "Engaged" and engaging, she brings events home to her listeners with a humane-ness and significance any less-personal reporting could never do. . . . Mrs. John's work with the teenagers of her community is a case in point. From the very start, she had a feeling radio was a natural for training youngsters in active citizenship and care for their community. With the offer of studio space in an uptown store, Alma invited the teens to share her microphone, and the big debate began. Whole seventh grades and their teachers, foreign student guests, young professionals in different fields, and voluntary groups came to talk with Alma of everything under the sun—health and grooming, community action, careers, other cultures. Her show had found itself a new double-barreled purpose: to stress and interpret "what's right with teenagers." "Ninety-eight percent of our youth," Alma believes, "are eager to assume responsibility and leadership." The kids don't let her down. The easy interchange of ideas gives them a tremendous sense of participation in what is, after all, their world. . . . Alma herself recalls a very busy but essentially happy teen-time in South Philadelphia. The child was only eleven when her mother died but, with pluck, she not only made a home for her dad and eight little brothers and sisters but finished high school at the top of her class. Her friend Marian Anderson encouraged her to develop her fine singing voice, but Alma had made up her mind. She set out for New York, found a job at the "Y," and entered Harlem Hospital School of Nursing. . . . Alma was to go ahead fast in her chosen field, eventually becoming executive secretary of the National Association of Colored Graduate Nurses. Always attracted to radio, she spent the long train rides of her job putting down on bits of paper ideas for scripts she'd had in mind. So, when N.A.C.G.N.'s effort to integrate the nursing profession was realized by 1952, it dissolved itself, and its hard-working secretary was "at liberty" to begin her "new career at forty." . . . Happily married for twenty-one years, Alma and Lisley John have no children of their own but, as she says, "Everybody's children are ours." The world's at her doorstep, and Alma John sees to it the welcome mat is out and the porch light left gleaming into the night.

(*Continued from page* 18)

that he's going to cut his next record album on pizzas—if the audience doesn't like the music they can eat them. . . .

Art Linkletter's new show, "Oddball," will be seen in January, and Art plays the role of a father whose daughter's name is Dawn. Link admits that "acting" is different from emceeing. "I take the script home at night and study my lines," he says, "then the next day director **David Swift** will diplomatically say, 'Link, try it this way . . .' His interpretations are always different from mine, and, after discussing the change with him, I find he's right 8 times out of 10. He ought to be—he wrote the script, too." . . . **John Conte** to Europe for three weeks in January to complete his NTA Mantovani musical series. . . . **Linkletter** to India in February for his "winter" cruise . . . **Bob Loggia** of "Elfego Baca" fame back from New York and a new Disney contract. . . . **John Payne** taking half of January off to be with his family more during the holidays. But it's not a real vacation for John—he hides in his work-room at home rewriting *Restless Gun* scripts. . . . Before **Warner Anderson** went into the *Lineup* series, he was seen in *The Doctor* series, which received only mild success and was on during **Jack Webb's** most popular period. Anderson said, at the time, that the best way to stay on the air was to become a detective. Proving to be his own best prophet, Warner has been on the air ever since. . . . **Wyatt Earp** moving to another town? Not really—but a new, more authentic Western street is being built at the old Placeritas Ranch to reproduce in elaborate detail Tombstone City's main street. Writer Stuart Lake is a stickler for detail, has spent years in Tombstone, brought back photographs of the old town which will be reproduced and seen on the TV screen in 1959. Dodge City named an alley after Wyatt Earp in 1957. Now an entire town is being rebuilt because of the magic television has brought to his name. Won't be long before we'll get him admitted to the Union. . . . **Charlie** *Man With A Camera* **Bronson** going home to Ehrenfeld, Pennsylvania, as the conquering hero for the holidays and to visit his mother, who is recovering from an operation. Charlie hasn't been home since he's worked his way up to stardom, admits that the physical labor involved in acting is just as tough as digging coal in a mine—which he did before turning to the boards. . . . **Jack Smith** sings! Jack, back before the cameras on *You Asked For It,* hasn't sung a note in two years. But so many letters remember "Smiling Jack" that he's been forced to come out of "retirement," and will sing on one of the early January shows. . . . **John Newland** thinks his new acting-directing assignment on the ABC-TV Alcoa show is the greatest. Series is built around true stories of unexplained experiences and premonitions. I have a premonition that this could be a hit. . . . **Walter Brennan's** son and four grandchildren down from their Oregon ranch to visit during the Xmas season; Walter then took off for Washington, D.C., to visit his daughter and grandchildren there over New Year's. Walter's son-in-law is a colonel in the Army. . . . *Truth Or Consequences* goes on the road in January with emcee **Bob Barker** hating to leave his new home. The laugh of the year was handed Bob last month when he came home to find his wife, Dorothy Jo, trying to teach their two bassett hounds how to use the newly installed "doggie door" onto the back porch. "DJ," as Bob calls his bride, was on hands and knees pushing on the door with her head, then scurrying through to the porch. She did this two or three times, Bob says, but the dogs didn't move. They did, however, watch her with some concern. Dorothy Jo defends her un-ladylike position with, "You won't laugh when you lock yourself out someday like *I* did—fortunately, Barker, *I'm* still thin enough to go through that doggie door—you never will be." Well, that's North Hollywood for you!



Ann, here's a find for your kit-sit problem—Amanda "Kitty" Blake, who, like your Tish, loves all pets. (See page 18 for account.)



Dr. Wise, Thalian prexy Debbie Reynolds, Hugh O'Brian consult.



It's over the waves, this month, for hep 'n' happy John Conte, wife Ruth.



Young Tom Tryon was fine-arts major at Yale, now goes way of all thespians.

"The Mail Order Shopper"

Once It Was My Betrayer—but NOW—

MY BODY IS MY PROUDEST POSSESSION!



THE door slammed behind Marty, and slowly I crumpled to the floor. The sobs tore forth—deep and convulsive. "Marty . . . Marty . . ." I whispered, brokenly, and then his words came back and I shuddered and I shook my head violently from side to side, trying to fling what he had said away from me—trying not to hear him again. But his words hung in the room—toneless, cold, but searing my heart like dry ice pressed close against flesh. This had been Marty talking, I realized, numbly —*my Marty*—with whom I had planned our tomorrow —who would grin and tousle my hair when I insisted that the very first furniture we'd buy after the wedding would be that big, comfortable man's chair we'd seen at O'Rourke's downtown. The Marty whom I'd suddenly surprise looking at me with the special softness no one else ever saw. The Marty, whose wife I thought I was going to be—until a half-hour ago.

"I'm leaving, Maggie," he'd said. Unbelieving, I'd heard the words, but it was the deadness of his voice that made me understand what he was saying. "I'm leaving, Maggie—for good. I'm not coming around any more. And I'm sorry for you, for both of us."

"Sorry? Sorry for me?" I had flared, wildly. My voice rose in a scream. "Well, why not? Why not you? Everyone else is. The fat girl! Revolting Maggie Holland, once petite, demure Margaret and now offending the esthetic senses of her friends, her family—everybody! So why not *you* Marty?"

His words had been flat, quiet. "You've let yourself go, you've given up on yourself, Maggie. Oh, I know there was a time when you really tried. I know you've taken pills, and gone on diets—even tried reducing salons. But the brutal truth is that you've stopped trying. You were my girl and I fell in love with you and I'd still be in love with the Maggie who could take it and still come back and win. But the Maggie I fell in love with wouldn't feel sorry for herself, wouldn't feel she was the only girl who'd ever been cursed by overweight, wouldn't snap at her friends, quarrel with her family, permit the love affair with the man she was going to marry to deteriorate into irritable days and nasty evenings. In a simple word the Maggie I knew was the one I wanted for my wife, not the girl I'm looking at now."

I couldn't talk. Fury was choking me. At last the words had come in a strangled gasp. "Get out!!" And, then, as I felt the tears beginning to burn my eyes I quickly turned my back. Just before he closed the door behind him, a pale shaft of sunlight came into the room, and then he was gone, and only greyness was left and that was the way it would be forever, I felt.

I didn't hear the door open minutes later, and I turned, startled, when I heard Ray's voice at my side. Ray is Doctor Raymond Holland and my cousin, and, at 32, one of the most respected and best-liked practitioners in town. His sympathetic eyes took in my disheveled hair and tear-stained face but all he said was: "I was on my way over and ran into Marty as he was leaving. We had a talk."

"I hope he was less beastly then when he left here."

Ray grinned. "He was quite civilized." Then he leaned down and lifted my chin with his fingers. "But he was suffering, Maggie. It isn't easy for a guy like Marty to walk out on something so important."

My laugh was as unpleasant as before. "Suffering, indeed. I'll bet he was—worrying whether my fingers have gotten too pudgy for me to get his ring off to return to him. Or wondering how many people have been laughing at him all the time he's been going around with fat Maggie Holland—or suffering over—" Suddenly the bitterness ran out of me, wretchedness thickened my throat, and burying my face in my arms, I cried and Ray let me.

After a while he dried my eyes with his handkerchief. Very quietly, he asked me: "Did you really understand what Marty was trying to say?"

"The Mail Order Shopper"

"But, Ray, I have tried. You know I have. I've exercised, gone through reducing routines. Even reducing pills have failed to help me, although I've known some girls who have lost weight using them. I've tried simple dieting and have failed at that. I have tried!"

He took my hand in his, affectionately. "I know you have, honey. Marty knows it, too." He grinned as he continued. "And while you haven't lost any weight you must admit you've acquired just about the most difficult disposition in the family."

I nodded, ruefully. "That's true enough. And I hated Marty for saying it. But how would you feel—or Marty, for that matter—if day after incessant day you'd stick faithfully to what someone promises will take the ugly fat off you, only to have the scales tell you differently? Wouldn't you feel irritable enough to bite the cat—as I almost have done once or twice?"

Ray's intelligent face broke into a chuckle. "I certainly would. And that's how most overweight people feel. And that's why they stay overweight."

"We stay fat because we're *irritable?*" I asked.

"Uh-huh. Look, Maggie—all these advertisements you see about losing weight—they aren't phoney. They just aren't *enough.*"

"Enough?"

"That's right. We doctors know that most of these pills have methyl cellulose in them and that they can do as they promise—fill the stomach so that an overweight person won't feel the rumblings of hunger. That's simple and logical enough. But despite that, these products fail more often than not to do the trick."

I asked: "But why, if what you say is true?"

"It's true, all right. The trouble is that most reducing products don't take into account the most important element of all—the *unbearable* tension, the irritability, the feeling of all's wrong with the world that a girl like you has hanging over her all the time she's faithfully following instructions—or thinks she is. Maggie, my darling, tell Doc Holland—isn't it true that for the two months you were taking the pills that you bought in Marshall's drugstore you continued to over-eat even though you weren't hungry?"

Understanding broke over me. "Why, of course. I remember asking myself why in the world I kept going to the refrigerator when I wasn't hungry in the least. And yet I had to eat. I simply had to!"

"You see?" Ray said quickly. "You had to eat when you were taking the pills and *weren't* hungry for the same reason you got fat in the first place—by overeating when you *were* hungry. In both cases tension, nervousness, irritability drove you as they drive most people for whom weight becomes a problem."

"Now see here, Doctor Holland, are you telling me that somebody—some firm—that understands this has come up with an answer to *my* problem?"

"That's just what I'm telling you, Maggie. A short time ago an important pharmaceutical house sent me several packages of their new product, *SLIMTOWN.* Doctors continually receive samples of things that are new. What these people had to say about *SLIMTOWN* made sense. They had combined 3 important ingredients into their capsule. One was *Antipatin* that lets you continue to enjoy all your favorite foods but the craving for them diminishes. . . . The second was *Gastrofilin*—tried and true—the ingredient that fools your stomach—makes it feel half-full to begin with even before you sit down to eat. . . . And the third—wonder of wonders—made the job complete and sold me immediately. That was the sensational new ingredient called *Pacifin* and its function is to remove completely the *tension,* the *high-voltage irritability* you and I have been talking about. They guaranteed that *SLIMTOWN* would melt off the pounds because the user would not only *not* feel like overeating—he would feel calm, easy-going, at peace with himself while the pounds dropped off. Clara Jenkins came into my office later in the day. You remember Clara—she weighs 200 pounds—or at least she did. I told Clara to take the *SLIMTOWN* I had received—told her to eat all she really *wanted* to eat and to take *SLIMTOWN* as directed. Clara poohpoohed it. But finally she took the capsules. That was four weeks ago. Yesterday Clara was in my office. She had lost 23 pounds and had come to my office to kiss me and almost did right there in front of my patients."

I confess that if it had been anyone other than Ray Holland telling me this I simply wouldn't have believed it. But Ray is the most confidence-inspiring doctor I know—young enough to have been in recent contact with the newest in the medical world and old enough to tell the gilt from the gold. My hopes began to rise like a rocket.

I said: "Let me get this straight. The pills I've been taking haven't helped because I was wound up like a clock and couldn't keep from nervous eating?"

"Correct," said Ray.

"And *SLIMTOWN* will have the calming and soothing effect on me that will let me eat what I want to eat and not go hog-wild?"

"That's right."

"And I'll be able to eat the things I love—steaks, desserts? All I *really* want?"

Ray nodded vigorously. "Absolutely."

"And the pounds will drop off in bunches?"

"As much as 7 to 10 pounds per week," Ray said.

"And Marty?" I asked, smiling for the first time.

Ray grinned back, "*SLIMTOWN* guarantees Marty, too, I'll bet."

"Well, what are we waiting for, Dr. Holland? Let's get over to your office and get those *SLIMTOWNS* before they're gone."

"They *are* gone," Ray said sheepishly. "My enthusiasm ran away with me and there's Jane Morgan and Mrs. Orikoff and several others who were simply made for *SLIMTOWN.* But you can buy SLIMTOWN. They cost only $2.98 for a full 10-day supply. And $4.98 for a big 20-day treatment. **$6.98 for 30-Day Supply.**

Here's the address:

SLIMTOWN, Dept. H-42, 11 E. 47 St., New York 17, N. Y.

They're sold with an absolute money back guarantee if they don't do exactly as they say they'll do: take the fat off you quickly and agreeably. They really don't guarantee you'll get Marty back. That's up to you." And with a light kiss on my forehead, Ray left.

How can I tell you what Ray did for me? When I thought of the courage it had taken for Marty to talk to me the way he did, and of how I had screamed in return, my face burned with shame.

My impulse was to rush to the phone and call him, but I decided to wait, to surprise him. However, I hadn't reckoned on the meddling Dr. Holland. Because when 3 weeks later and 18 pounds lighter, with an elegant dress that showed off my figure and a sunny, smiling face to match I led Marty into the living room, he didn't look surprised one bit.

He said, right off: "I've arranged for my vacation in June. We can be married then. Okay?"

Just like that. I couldn't find words. I nodded.

He said: "I've found an apartment. You'll love it."

Ecstatic, I nodded again.

"We'll be able to get all the furniture except the couch. That'll take three or four months more."

I finally found my voice. I said demurely: "Not every girl gets two proposals from the same man. Isn't this one rather abrupt?"

The creases around Marty's eyes highlighted their twinkle. "I love you," he said.

Mischievously, I waved my hand at myself. "My dress too?"

"Love you," he repeated. "Know all about your figure. Knew about it first day you started. Doc Holland told me. *SLIMTOWN,* great stuff."

We've been married 3 years now. A wonderful marriage. Marty, me, little Martin. *SLIMTOWN'S* there too, any time I need it.

To the reader of this story: As the creators of *SLIMTOWN,* we have been pleased to present Margaret Holland's story. Miss Holland's experience is duplicated by thousands of women who have found new happiness through *SLIMTOWN*—whose lives have been changed by the greatest discovery for overweight people ever developed by medical science! We guarantee that you will lose up to 7 to 10 pounds the very first week without dieting, without exercise, without nervous tension. Never has there been any reducer like *SLIMTOWN.* You may order by sending $2.98 for the 10-day supply. $4.98 for 20-day supply. **$6.98 for 30-Day Supply.**

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My Son, "Sugarfoot"

(*Continued from page* 40)

my son as "Will"—which he doesn't particularly like, since he prefers to be called plain "Hutch." These days, it seems like I'm always being asked how it feels to have a Hollywood star in the family. My answer, in essence, is always the same: To me, Will was never any better or worse than any normal boy to whom any mother, anywhere, would point with pardonable pride. As I see it, being a favorite in the entertainment world is his job. While I respect his position and am grateful for his good fortune, this doesn't single him out for a special star in his crown.

On the contrary, I think God's real rewards are those which are earned by the beat of an understanding heart and the honesty in a man's soul. In this respect, Will has been blessed. Fate and faith have always played great parts in our lives. I not only am confident certain things are meant to be, but I believe adverse experience often teaches a lesson. Invariably, we gain more than we lose.

This has been proven to Will many times. The most important time, I think, was after his discharge from the Army Signal Corps. During his Paris stint as a cryptographer, he was stimulated by his close contact with the top brass and learned a great deal. Following his discharge, there was a great letdown when he came home in 1954 and discovered his own private world had changed. Some of Will's good friends had moved away. Others were married and leading new lives that excluded him. Will felt lost.

However, he was never afraid of hard work and, while trying to orient himself, he took a job delivering Christmas packages for the post office. The hours were ghastly, but it isn't in Will to complain. Finally, he came to a decision. Having been graduated Phi Beta Kappa and *cum laude*—he had a B.A. degree in drama—he took advantage of the GI Bill and enrolled at U.C.L.A. for his M.A. in motion picture production. (Will's love of acting dates back to the age of three, when he was already turning our garage into a theater.)

With all my heart, I believe that faith and fate were at work when NBC-TV's *Matinee Theater* held auditions for the college drama students. Although Will still wasn't confident enough to try out himself, he agreed to accompany another fellow and help boost his morale.

While the other students gave their all for their art, Will curled up comfortably behind the piano and fell asleep! The director spotted him at the end of the session and, upon learning that Will was a drama student, too, urged him to try out and make the report one-hundred percent. Will read reluctantly—and came away with the big leading role of a psychopathic killer in "The Young And Damned."

The hour-long show went on "live" TV at noon. At eight o'clock that night—and with no dinner—Will was still talking to agents, studios and casting directors, who had caught his performance and wanted to see him the following day. Will couldn't have been more surprised—or, being a greenhorn, less impressed! He turned them all down, saying it was impossible. It was so typical of Will: He had promised to take some kids to the beach and didn't want to go back on his word.

When he felt free to make appointments, Will agreed to go out to Warner Bros. first—because TV producer William Orr's secretary had been so charming on the phone. In lieu of a screen test, they decided to star Will in a segment of their *Conflict* series. After that, he played two more parts for *Matinee Theater* before the studio signed him to a long-term contract.

Following several TV and movie roles at Warner's, *Sugarfoot* was created by them expressly for Will—one of the few times an hour-long series has been tailored for an "unknown." As the gentle Westerner with a sense of humor and a sense of justice, Will was on his way. Fate and faith had paid off! *Sugarfoot*—a term for someone who is one step below a tenderfoot—is close to Will's heart.

Will was born a few miles away from Hollywood's studios. He went to three schools, each within the radius of a mile in the Griffith Park district. He was quite young when he lost his father—who like his own father before him, was a prominent dentist, though he would have been happier doing something creative in the arts. Will's father was very good at his work, but it was confining, and he loved to be outdoors whenever possible. On days off, we packed Will in a Moses basket and toted him everywhere, including the High Sierras. As a result, he still loves being outdoors and close to the earth.

I think any mother left alone, with a boy to raise, will understand my deep-rooted feeling of responsibility. His father had been married before, and Will has a stepbrother who is very close to him today. However, because of the difference in age, they didn't have as much in common while Will was growing up, so he was, in a sense, an "only child."

For as far back as I can remember, Will was shy. His teachers, aware of his shyness, put him in school plays to help out. One time, Will played a jester who was supposed to make the queen laugh. She laughed, all right. His pants fell off in the midst of it all, and he unbared more than his soul! Hasty repairs were made, with the help of a large safety pin, and—in the best tradition of the trouper Will really is—the show went on.

Aside from the fact that Will had no little brothers or sisters, we are a large family and always try to be together on festive occasions. When Will was quite young, his grandfather used to work out little stunts for him to perform. I noticed then, whenever he was wearing a costume or holding a prop in his hand, he came out of his shell. He's always loved slapstick and yearns to do comedy on the screen. Someday, I think he will, too.

In grammar school, Will developed a terrific crush on a girl named Lorraine. He'd watch her from behind the curtains, but could never bring himself to go outside and play with her. One evening, at the dinner table, he proudly announced: "Today I walked home with Lorraine." Needless to say, I was delighted that he had overcome his shyness, and asked him if he had carried his little friend's books. "Oh, no," he said, in a horrified voice, "I just ran ahead of her—and jumped out from behind the hedges!"

He mooned over another girl in junior high and wrote her poetry which he was too shy to present. At the beginning of his high-school days, there was another big crush. Will would write out what he wanted to say to her—then sit by the phone, too shy to call. It took a full week before he summoned up courage to ask her to go to a prom. When he finally blurted out his invitation, she accepted so fast he was less shy from that moment on.

Will has always loved a home and home life. He feels that he's finally ready for marriage and I hope he has a large family, loving kids the way he does. After he signed his contract, he found a little hilltop home overlooking the lights of Hollywood. He bought it after one inspection tour and, when I went to see it, he said, "Why should you remain in your apartment when there's plenty of room for both of us? You took care of me—now it's my turn and I want to take care of you."

That one little speech was the greatest reward, although I have never wanted any. Naturally, I was very touched, but I spoke my piece. Will's life is his own to live in his own way, and I never want him to feel responsible for me. Quite honestly, I enjoy being with my friends, playing bridge, gardening, reading, taking long hikes and going to the theater. Besides, I am never lonely. Will was so disappointed, however, it was agreed that I'd move in and stay long enough to get him started in his own home.

Fortunately, Will's house is on two floor levels. He occupies the upstairs apartment and comes and goes as he pleases. He never tells me where he's been, or who he's been with, and this is the way it should be. His weekends are usually devoted to making personal appearances, or following the different sports when he is free. When he is shooting, Will works until seven or later. He's tired when he gets home and likes to flop on the coach and relax, watching sport events on television.

There are times when he's moody and uncommunicative, but, whatever the reason, he keeps it to himself. Will loves playing records, and I guess Louis Armstrong is the great favorite in his huge collection. He still reads a lot and generally has about six books going at once. He likes animals and, as a kid, collected ducks, turtles, cats and dogs, but now there's only room for the dog he's keeping for neighbors who are in Europe. He dresses too casually most of the time, but he's showing signs of developing an interest in proper attire.

Because he's friendly, courteous and respectful, some people get the impression that Will is phlegmatic. On the contrary, he can't be pushed around. Indeed, where his work is involved, he's ruthless. Although he radiates charm and innocence, he has a temper—which he usually directs at himself. His honesty is most disarming. If he asks anyone to watch and criticize his show, he expects the truth and flattery annoys him. He "plays at" playing the guitar, and his unrealized dream is to form his own company and help undiscovered talent.

Even as a tiny towhead with a humorous smile which has always been a winner, Will was destined to make his mark. He's come a long way and he's never lost that humor—not even when his studio insisted on bleaching his sun-streaked hair to a solid corn-yellow color. It was better for photographic purposes, but he still doesn't like it.

It was early in September of 1956 that Will signed his contract—and they decided to change his name. Being descendants of illustrious ancestors, we had hoped to keep his name in the family and so we contrived a long list of suggestions. When they preferred something that sounded more like a Western star, our efforts were in vain. They pulled "Will Hutchins" out of the hat and Marshall Lowell Hutchason—being new and green—didn't feel that he should protest. In the final analysis, it's *what* a name stands for that really counts, and I hope all you fans who have been so good to him will agree with me that my son, "Sugarfoot" Will Hutchins, stands for some of the best qualities a mother could ever want.

What's New—East

(*Continued from page 67*)

tet, featured in Fred Astaire's spectacular spectacular, romp again in a new Capitol release, "Swingin' at the Cinema." . . . Clara Ward, the gospel singer who has many times sparked the Garroway show and also set the Newport Jazz Festival on its ear, has recorded for Dot, "Gospel Concert With Clara Ward." This is singing that positively electrifies. . . .

Beefcake, Burrcake: Raymond Burr (or *Perry Mason*), his shirt collar opened, sat behind the hotel desk and mulled this question: "Would you like to do a TV whodunit spectacular starring you, *Ellery Queen,* and *Dragnet's* Jack Webb? The idea would be to present a murder and see who could solve it first." Burr suddenly grinned and said, "You must be kidding. Anyway, we're on different networks, so it's impossible. But it would be interesting." He then said, "I've never had an inclination to do amateur sleuthing but I'm becoming a pretty good amateur lawyer. I've been reading law books by the pound and, you know, I think some day I might go after a law degree." Another time-consumer for Burr is answering mail. "I get about 2,000 letters a week. Out of those, about 300 require a personal answer. Ages of the writers range from about eight to eighty and a lot are from women. From about eighteen on up, they ask if I'm married." He's a bachelor and says, "Actually, Della is my idea of a perfect woman—or, rather, a combination of Della and Barbara Hale, who plays the part. Of course, Barbara is already happily married, and in her marriage she's a good partner who does things with her husband and family. A perfect woman would be like this."

Offbeat: New Broadway play, "Far Away the Train Birds Cry," starring James MacArthur, was written by Lionel Kranitz, who plays Ted Blake in *Brighter Day.* . . . N.Y. Chapter of Academy of Television Arts and Sciences reports film production in the East is on the upswing. In first ten months of '58, the Department of Commerce reported 100-million dollars in billings in N.Y.C., and this gave employment to some 25,000 people, all told. Come East, young man. . . . But you don't have to live in N.Y.C., Chi or L.A. to be a long-time network star. Slim Wilson, of *Jubilee, U.S.A.*, has never budged more than a dozen miles from Springfield in the past 25 years but has made some 26,000 broadcasts. . . . ABC-TV's Johnny Carson tells about the woman who complained to a psychiatrist that her husband believed he was a refrigerator. "But what bothers me," said the woman, "is that he sleeps with his mouth open at night and the light keeps me awake."

Come Safari with Me: A white hunter, Chris Pollet, came to N.Y.C. to talk about Lowell Thomas and safari. Chris, who acted as Lowell's guide in the Belgian Congo, was impressed by Mr. Thomas. "He was always moving, looking, writing and asking questions. And you knew, from the kind of question he asked, that he was no novice." Chris, a 27-year-old Belgian, is no less intriguing. Five years ago, he went to the Congo to work for Sabena Airlines. Then he decided to start a crocodile farm. A year-and-a-half later, a herd of rogue elephants trampled his farm and made an omelet out of his alligator eggs. He became a hunter and today takes safaris into the Congo for big-game hunting and photographic safaris. A 21-day safari for two costs $2,790. "And you better come soon," Chris says. "A few more years and there will be too much civilization." If you want to plan your summer vacation now, write Chris, c/o Pollet Safaris, P.O.B. 220, Bunia, Ituri, Belgian Congo.

HOW MANY FEATHERS ON THIS STORK?

Add up the figures and find out! Most anybody can add, but can you add correctly? The reason people like number puzzles is because they are fascinating. Fun right in your home and CASH AWARDS (now on deposit) for the WINNERS.



$6,360.00 in cash prizes

FIRST PRIZE $2000 (including bonus)

Second Prize	**$1000.00**	**9th to 13th Prize, each**	**$100.00**
Third Prize	**$500.00**	**14th to 18th Prize, each**	**$50.00**
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5th to 8th Prize, each	**$200.00**	**45th to 75th Prize, each**	**$10.00**

HERE ARE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS AND CONTEST RULES

1. This is entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a Game of Skill. Add together the numbers that make up the drawing of the Stork and get the SUM TOTAL of the figures. The picture is made up of single digits: 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 9. There are no sixes, no ones, no zeros. There are no double numbers like "23" etc. Just add 2 plus 3 plus 5, etc., and get the SUM TOTAL. In real life, of course, a Stork has no feathers in the eye or on the beak and legs so these black areas are not a part of your problem. For the purposes of this puzzle just add together the figures which form the body of the stork. There are no tricks to this puzzle, just a problem in addition.

2. First prize is $1,500. If you send your contribution before the date printed on the entry blank you will qualify for the $500 Promptness Bonus making the total First Prize $2,000. The Promptness Bonus will be added to the first prize only. Only persons sending a $5.00 contribution to our Scholarships Program are eligible for these cash prizes. No additional donation will be required at any time during the contest. **Checks and Money Orders should be made payable to "SCHOLARSHIPS, INC." Send cash if you prefer. Write us for additional puzzle sheets if you need them.**

3. You should check and recheck your solution carefully before mailing. **Once it has been sent it may not be changed or withdrawn.** A contestant may submit an additional entry in this contest with an improved score provided each such entry is accompanied by the required $5.00 contribution. We will acknowledge receipt of your entry and contribution promptly.

4. Any person may enter and win except where local laws or regulations are restrictive. (This means that this year in response to many requests we shall accept entries from localities outside the United States.) Persons directly connected with Scholarships Inc., their advertising agency, and members of their immediate families are ineligible. Prize winners of $500 or more in our previous contests are ineligible.

5. Entries will be accepted from January 1 to May 10. Entries postmarked May 10 will be accepted.

6. In case of ties (which are probable) on this Stork Puzzle the winners will be decided by a tiebreaker number puzzle consisting of drawing a path across a chart of numbers to arrive at a high total. The contestant's position in the winning list will be determined by the best scores submitted; the best answer will receive First Prize, the second best answer will receive Second Prize, etc. In case of ties on the tiebreaker puzzle, prizes will be reserved for the positions of tied contestants and their final order of finish determined by additional tiebreaker puzzles until a definite winner for each prize is chosen. Seven days will be allowed for working the first tiebreaker puzzle and three days for each subsequent tiebreaker. If ties remain after seven tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be paid.

7. It is permissible for any contestant to receive help from relatives or friends but ONLY ONE SOLUTION may be submitted to the tiebreaker puzzle by any group working together and any solution known to have been submitted in violation of this rule will be rejected. The sponsors of this contest reserve the right to decide any questions that may arise during the contest and persons who enter agree to accept these decisions as final.

Just as soon as the winners have been determined a complete Final Report of this contest including the names and scores of all winners, will be mailed to everyone who enters. Here is a contest soon over and soon paid off. The rules are simple and complete. It's entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a game of skill. A pencil is the only tool required and you start on an equal basis with everyone else. No pictures to identify, no statements to write. If you have never taken part in a number puzzle contest why not give it a try. Give yourself a fair chance to succeed. This may be the hobby you have been looking for.

Scholarships, Inc. is a nonprofit corporation entirely managed by members of a local unit of a national veterans organization which was granted the Scholarships charter in 1954. Under the charter they are required to devote receipts in excess of prizes, advertising and legitimate expenses to nurses training, child welfare and other tax exempt worthy purposes.

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Miss Gloria Leffler is one of over 85 nurses aided under our scholarships and writes; "I wish to thank you, Scholarships, Inc., for three most wonderful years and a life long dream come true. As a graduate nurse, I now have a bright future ahead of me."

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There are.....feathers on the Stork. Is $5.00 inclosed?.....

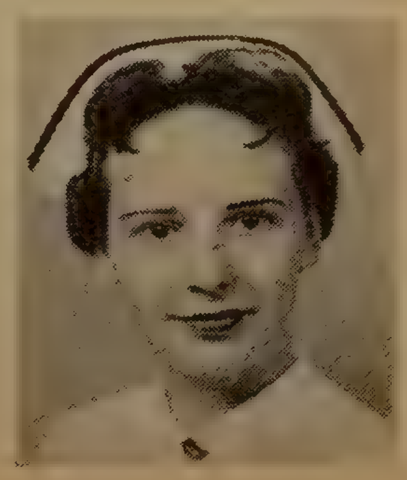
Type your name and address if possible.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Donations mailed before Feb. 10, 1959, qualify for Promptness Bonus.



Fun in the Afternoon

(*Continued from page* 32)

the next thing on the agenda for the day.

Several days a week, this usually means hopping into his car and driving home to Greenwich, Connecticut, to the house the Parkses built and moved into about a year ago. Williamsburg in architecture and Space-Age in up-to-the-minute electronic equipment, extending from electric-eye doors to completely built-in hi-fi.

Annette usually comes into New York one night during the week, when Bert can relax a little and take her to dinner and the theater, but none of their personal life, not even this one big night out, has any burden of urgency put upon it. Their social life is completely tied up with what Bert is able to do.

Bert has learned the secret of pacing himself. "You have to find out how much you can do and how many hours you can keep going in a day, and what, for you, is the point of fatigue. People in television are plagued with a dreadful sense of urgency about everything. It all must be done today, nothing can wait until tomorrow. I like to get one thing done and put my best into that, then go on to the job ahead. If necessary, I'll get up and at it earlier the next morning.

"All busy people learn to control their time—doesn't the housewife at home, with the kids and the chores, and the errands and cooking? It isn't the work that makes people tired, but the piling up of petty frustrations and annoyances. The day when nothing goes right is the hard one, not the day when you never stop from morning until night but everything turns out well. Your feet may ache, but your head probably won't, when the work is stimulating."

Some performers need to study more and rehearse longer, but it's Bert's stock-in-trade that he is at his best when he is extemporaneous. "You work out some good ideas and then interpret them on the air under pressure. That's the only way for me." However, if any Bert Parks' show looks easygoing, the preparations are none-the-less precise and professional.

Masquerade Party had a long-established procedure into which he fitted like the proverbial hand-in-glove, then added something of his own. And the panel is experienced and spontaneous. *Bandstand* has always been a morning romp, participated in by regulars such as Skitch Henderson and the orchestra, Dorothy Olsen, Richard Hayes and all the rest and produced by Parker Gibbs.

But *County Fair* has required more preparation. The big set with its atmosphere of a midway, the delightful costuming, the diversity of stunts, of audience-participation bits, the guest stars and songs and dances, must all be carefully planned. In the middle of it, however, stands Bert—while places are being "blocked" for the cameras and action is being timed—putting on an impromptu performance which has little to do with the one he will later give on the air.

He kids with the cast, with Ken Williams, the barker-announcer, who used to be on the old *County Fair* radio show which went off the air in 1950. With Herb Landon, associate producer, also a veteran of that early show, and with Bill Gale, the third veteran of the old show, then its orchestra leader and now musical director and co-owner.

The studio swarms with busy people, each intent on his job. Producer Perry Cross, director Joe Durand and assistant Jim Gaines, art director Don Shirley, writers Bob Carman, Mike Marmer and Larry Miller.

You hear his name called every minute. "Bert, you will be standing here when Ken makes his announcement." "Bert, do you know the kind of thing you will be doing as the camera pans to you at this point?"

Always, you sense that Bert's alert mind is trying to find out what people will enjoy, what they will listen to and watch, even when he seems to be doing nothing but clown around. "I made up my mind early that no show of mine would ever get static, if I could help it, or fall into a rut.

"From the first, I've talked about *County Fair* as being 'fun in the afternoon,' and that's exactly what we want it to be. It's directed toward the whole family, the kids home from school, any stray husband who is around the house, and the woman who is trying to gather up her forces to meet the onslaught of dinner and daddy's homecoming and all the attendant excitement, and later getting the younger kids to bed on time and the older ones to their homework."

As a matter of fact, Bert is himself a homework-helper for the Parks' eleven-year-old twins, Joel and Jeffrey, now in seventh grade, and for nine-year-old Petty (Annette, Jr.) in the fourth grade.

He describes himself as "a fellow with a normally nine-to-five day that could be frantic if I would let it." That normal day goes something like this: He drives in from Connecticut to the NBC studio in Radio City, about forty-five minutes before *Bandstand* goes on the air, unrehearsed, of course, as far as he is concerned, but carefully planned.

At lunch time, there are the usual interviews, details to discuss, people to see. Sometimes he sneaks out to do a little shopping, a bicycle he promised Petty or something the twins want.

After lunch, he goes to the huge television studio in the same Radio City building, which a few hours later takes on all the aspects of a county fair, including a brightly lighted whirling ferris wheel. The cycle has made the full turn, Bert thinks, and television is back to personality shows. Daytime shows with night-time quality. Shows with lots of music and guests, with the illusion of bigness and excitement.

At home, he is able to forget Bert Parks, the performer, although he works just as energetically at cleaning out the garage or fixing an obstreperous door as he does before the cameras. "I never could take things slowly," he explains. "I don't really feel you have to slow down. As soon as you take your mind off the things you have to do all the time, you're relaxing. For me, it can be working around the house or yard, kicking a football with the boys, or driving Petty to a party. As long as it isn't routine and I am not tied down by a set of rules, then it's not work.

He has remained himself because he's never over-dramatized his job. He has never taken any of his success big. When he leaves New York and goes out to the country, he's just a family man with a lot of odd jobs waiting for him at home.

"I started in show business when I was very young, doing amateur things," Bert said. "I was only three or four when my parents took my brother and me to a summer resort hotel and I used to sneak up toward the stage and pretend I was leading the orchestra. When the laughter gave me away, the leader would invite me up and let me wave his baton, solemnly. After that, neither my parents nor anyone else could stop me, I guess. In fact, it was my father who encouraged me to do imitations and helped me with the make-up. He was a frustrated singer and, I am sure, got a kick out of seeing some of his talent coming out in me."

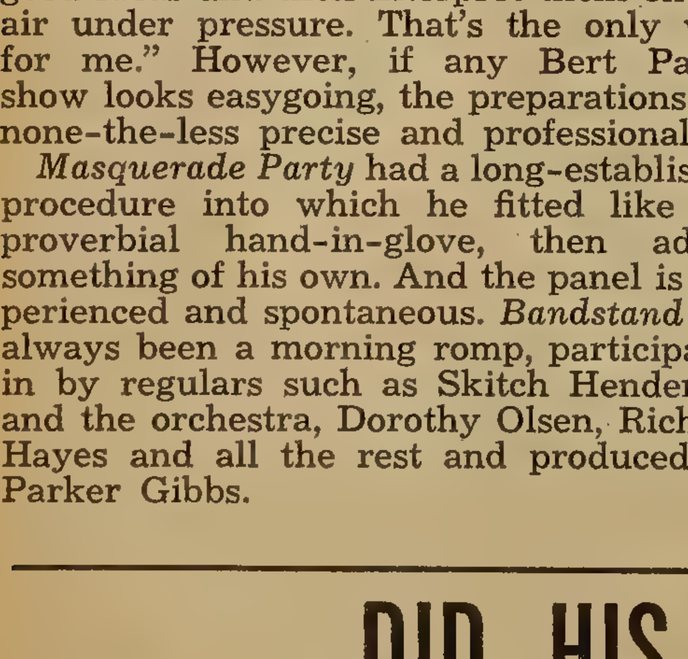
At seventeen, Bert was already an announcer over local radio in his hometown of Atlanta, Georgia, and, at nineteen, a network radio announcer. A few years later, his big career was launched when he became straight-man and singer with the Eddie Cantor radio show.

"It didn't harm me to start early, quite the opposite. But Annette and I are well satisfied that our three are just children yet. We think it is important for them to be with their friends and in their school area, and the rest will come. So far, they have shown no desire to follow in my early footsteps. The boys have talent for mimicry and singing, and Petty is very talented musically.

"As a family, we have very good times, although we don't do anything too special or too earth-shaking."

Bert has a theory about people who are in the entertainment business: "You have to participate in it actively. You have to work at it, but you have to remember the importance of pacing yourself. And you really have to enjoy it or you couldn't possibly work so hard. It's all just a lot of fun for me."

DID HIS KISSES MEAN LOVE?



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TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

National Broadcasting Company

What kind of life can a teenage diabetic hope for? Read "Chained To A Needle" in February TRUE STORY Magazine, now at your newsstand.

In Defense of Working Mothers

(*Continued from page* 55)

if we are willing to listen, from the experiences of other working mothers."

Since September, 1951, Mary has starred as Joanne Tate in *Search For Tomorrow*. A month before the premiere of the dramatic serial, she had married dynamic, dark and handsome Richard Krolik, now head of his own public relations office. On July 30, 1955, their daughter Cynthia was born, a pretty pixie with light brown hair and soft gray eyes like her mother's. On October 17, 1956, Jeffrey was born, a lively little boy very like his sister, and her constant shadow until she started to nursery school last fall.

"I admit," says Mary, "that being a working mother with two little ones, only fourteen-and-a-half months apart, can be exhausting at times. When they were babies, I got very little sleep because I insisted on doing everything for them myself. I would be more sensible with the next one, but it was a great satisfaction to me then. Like all mothers, I felt that no one could tend to their needs as well as I."

Modern woman starts from the premise that every mother, including the home-staying one, needs to develop some interest of her own in order to be completely happy. Her work can be contained within her own four walls. She can star as a superb cook, decorator, home designer, hostess. She can paint or write, sing or play a musical instrument, keeping her talent alive until there is more time for it. She can utilize her administrative or organizational abilities in community or club projects. The one requirement is that her activities must be personally stimulating and give her a feeling of accomplishment.

That sense of satisfaction is equally important to the woman who has a job to do away from home and family—the working mother. "My work is fascinating to me," Mary says. "I love being on television as Joanne Tate. She is a part of me now. I have grown with her, after seven-and-a-half years. I wouldn't give her up lightly, unless it interfered with the children and our home life. So far, Richard and I feel that none of us has missed anything. He is a busy man, and the time we spend together and with the children is doubly precious to us both."

Mary works four mornings a week, is away for rehearsals and broadcast from 8:15 until 12:45. She hurries home, either in time to have lunch with the children, or immediately after. To play with them, put them down for naps, dress them and take them to the park, give them their dinner when they come home just before their daddy arrives. Occasionally, there is an interview, a business lunch, a fitting or some downtown shopping. If so, she always explains to the children that she will be delayed.

Having help, either a relative or paid help, has advantages and disadvantages, and the working mother must be ready to accept both: "It means coming home to your own house and finding another woman in charge of it and your children. It means having another woman working in the house with you, probably living there, and having to adjust to her ways.

"I believe, at least in the beginning, there is an emotional factor involved, a kind of competition between you. The first two helpers I had—and lost—were probably not as much at fault as I was. Just knowing someone else was doing the cooking I loved to do, and the things for my baby that I had been doing, made it hard for me. A woman has to face this problem and change herself before she changes anything else."

In choosing the kind of person with whom she must leave her children, Mary prefers a woman who is a little slow and gentle, who will stop to listen to a child. She believes in establishing a good relationship with that person at the outset, in setting up "ground rules," in letting it be known, kindly but firmly, what you expect and what you will not tolerate.

"This immediately takes away some of the tensions," she explains. "In my case, I had to learn to turn things over to others without making a fuss. I had to learn that it was *Pearl's* kitchen (Pearl being the full-time nurse-cook) and *Martha's* house (Martha being the part-time houseworker) and that they were freeing me to do the other things I wanted to do."

Mary recalls the morning, early last spring, when they moved into the bigger, brighter apartment they had wanted for so long. It was a happy move, because it meant that each child would have a bedroom, Richard would have the library he'd talked about, and Mary would have the big living room, the dining room and well-equipped kitchen she had dreamed of. She came off the set of *Search For Tomorrow* that morning after a dramatic scene, in time to answer a telephone call, then began to cry quietly.

"Why, Mary," director Dan Levin said, "I never knew you to be emotional like this about your work." Mary smiled a



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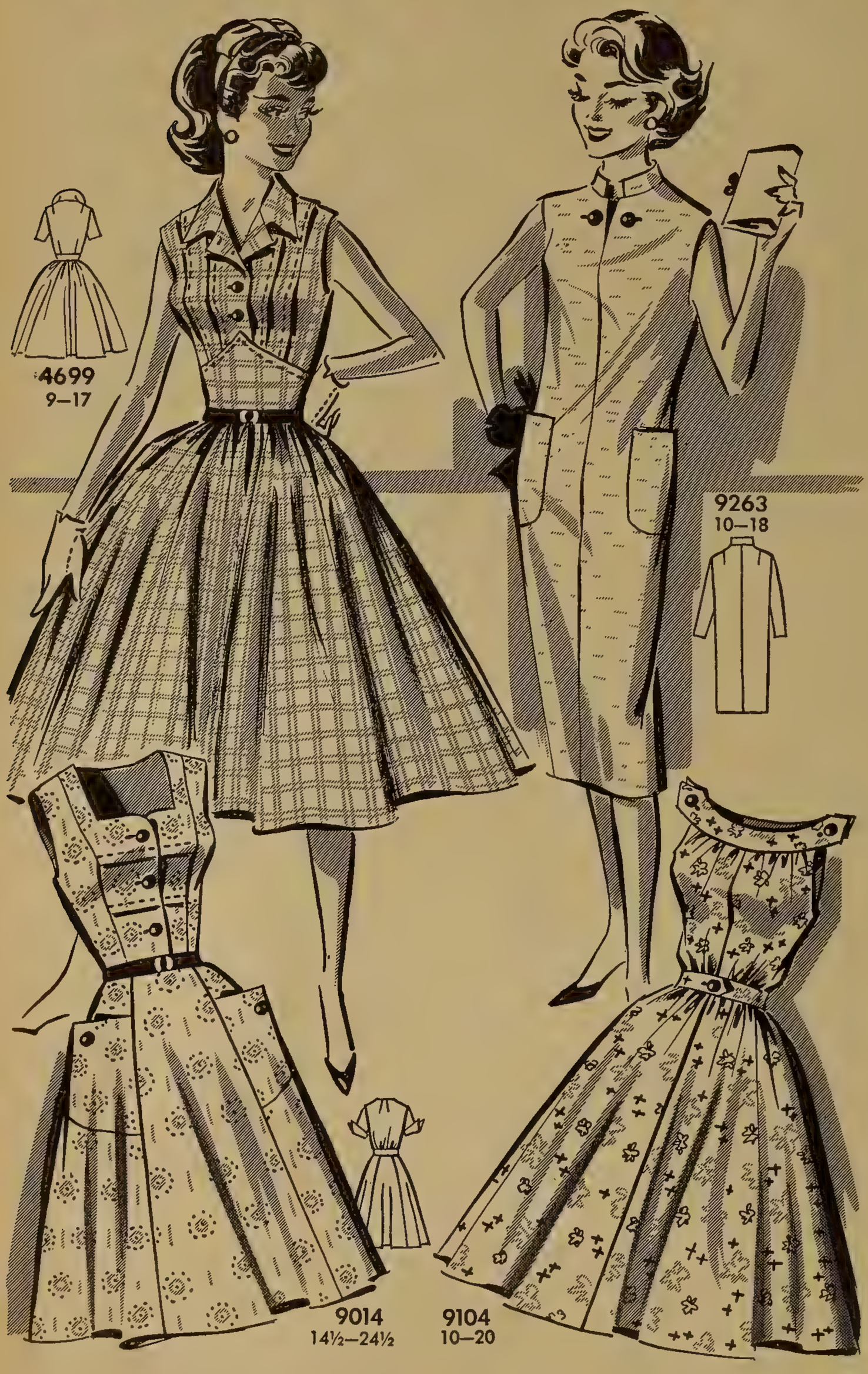
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bit ruefully: "I'm not—but what would you do if you had two sick children, it was moving day, and you were just told that the people who packed for you had misjudged the space so badly that you had to pay several hundred dollars more for an extra van and time?"

The mother who can manage to be home in times of household crises is fortunate, but working mothers cannot always walk away from the job or even get time off. To avoid another such happening, Mary made plans for some time off when Cynthia started nursery school, until the little girl got used to riding back and forth with the other children in the school bus and to being away from the familiar faces of home for the first time in her life. "When Mommy can't always do things, sometimes Daddy can substitute—and very nicely," Mary observes. "Our daddy loves it when he can spare the time, and it's a treat for the children."

The working mother learns to make compromises about everything—except the welfare of her children. If she starts out as a perfectionist, she soon learns to forget it. "The stuffing was beginning to poke out of one of my living-room chairs," Mary recalls, "and it stayed that way until I could find time to look up a man to fix it and to find the right fabric to re-cover it. There was a time when I couldn't have waited. I would have been impatient with delay. I wanted the house to be in perfect order all the time. But now I take these things quite calmly, knowing how relatively unimportant they are. As long as Richard and the children are all right, everything else can be made all right."

The working mother with a schedule like Mary's has some advantages. The time she does spend with her children is all theirs. (This is especially true, if she has some help with the house—and the children are apt to be more independent and adaptable, because they are exposed to other adults and learn to make some adjustments of their own.) "The quality of time spent with a child has always seemed as important to me as the quantity," Mary points out. "I said this when I had only one child, and I believe it even more firmly now."

The mother who has outside contacts —not necessarily outside work or paid work, but something that takes her out of the home into an interesting environment —brings back a fresh viewpoint. Many mothers get some of this from adult groups, P.-T.A. meetings, community work, where they get together and exchange ideas, and it is by no means any the less stimulating and helpful to the children.

Mary believes that, as children grow up, it is easier for the mother with a job to release them to live their own lives. "She already has another focus of attention and she doesn't have to search for something to fill the empty hours. But the working mother has to pay for this, through the years, by also putting up with certain disadvantages.

"She often gets over-tired—but what mother doesn't! Her social life suffers—in fact, the first thing that went, for Richard and me, was our very pleasant social life. We used to go out to dinner, we went to parties, we went to the theater. Now it's a treat to go to the movies occasionally. We used to dress up to go out. Now I sneak into the neighborhood movie theater with a coat thrown over my 'working clothes.' Richard buys me a chocolate cocoanut bar, supplies himself with a bag of peanuts, and there we sit, happily.

Having to be extra-watchful is another price the busy mother pays. And being extra-sensitive to the moods of the children and the first signs of trouble. For a while, Cynthia wasn't eating her lunch, and

Pearl couldn't figure out the reason. So Mary watched carefully, one day, as they came to the table. Jeff—Pearl's very special baby, because she has looked after him practically from the beginning—got a little hug from her as she lifted him into his chair. Cynthia, considered big enough to climb up by herself, was left to her own devices. Only a mother's eye would have noted the difference, and only a mother's understanding could have suggested the remedy.

"If you can sell Cynthie on the idea that she needs no babying because she is big and Jeff is still little, that's fine," Mary told Pearl. "But I don't think she's quite ready to absorb that. Try treating both children alike and see what happens." It took about three days of identical hugs from Pearl to establish peace at the lunch table, but Cynthie began to eat normally again and her pleased smile at the embrace was proof that her mother was right. "Children can't tell you what's troubling them, so you have to be alert," Mary explains.

There is always need to establish respect for the person who takes over for you with the children, and still not let that person usurp the mother's place. Daddy and Mommy should be looked up to as the people who give instructions and make any important decisions, who solve problems and answer perplexing questions.

"I think children should be taught respect for all adults," Mary says. "The very fact that their parents and other grown people have certain rights denied to them gives children something to look forward to when they grow up. This is one area in which I don't believe wholly in equal rights!"

Mary never tells her children that she is "going to work," Daddy "works," he "earns the money." Mommy goes to the studio "because she loves to" and must be there for her show. "I want the children to respect my work but not to think about the financial aspects, or to confuse my working with their father's job. He is the head of the house and the real provider of the things we need. Little girls should come to know how pleasant it is for a woman to have a home and to be in it, to be close to her children during their formative years. If a woman is completely satisfied at home, there is no finer life, nothing more fascinating than watching the children grow up day by day.

"But if she must work, or something within her drives her to express herself beyond the opportunities that family life affords—or she was already launched on a satisfying career, as I was before the babies came—then she should go ahead without any sense of guilt. If circumstances force her to be a working mother, then it's necessity—and everyone can live with a necessity. It seems important to me, in such a case, that the mother should not make the children feel she is giving up things for them.

"But, no matter what the reason for her working outside the home, the adjustments of the mother who has three jobs—instead of only two—are always the same. How well she makes them can spell the difference between being a successful all-around person and a constantly overtired, over-wrought woman.

"I learned so much the hard way. I am still learning," says working-mother Mary. Every mother has to figure out the best ways for her, according to her own temperament and to her own situation. If she can, the whole experience of being mother, wife, home-maker—and also happy in some work of her choosing—can be a wonderful thing. But no one can promise her it will be easy!"



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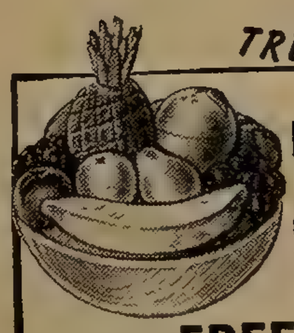
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All at Sea With Elvis

(*Continued from page 26*)

Janet took it cool. She thought it would be "interesting." But her eyes danced when I asked the next obvious question: "How would you like to tell the other kids what happens? Would you care to be TV RADIO MIRROR's reporter during this trip?"

Captain and Mrs. Day gave their consent. "Janet likes to write," said her mother. It was settled. Janet would sell her first story to TV RADIO MIRROR. We concluded a little briefing session just before they were called to board ship.

Thirty minutes later, the last of the troop trains came in. The whole press pack could have saved those hours of staring into strange faces. The other soldiers had shouldered hundred-pound barracks bags and marched half the length of the pier. The Presley train was shunted right down to the gangplank. Elvis piled off, carrying an attache case and a book. Flash bulbs popped and reporters shouted. Longshoremen yelled, "Hey, Houndog!" M.P.'s and brass hurried him into the elevator.

Out of breath, the reporters crowded into the press room. Again, no Elvis. They hid him somewhere off-stage while a spokesman for the Army delivered an address to the effect that Private Presley was just another private. That tore it. With deadlines close and telephones miles away, reporters got frantic. Photogs who had to drive to distant darkrooms got furious. "Bring out Elvis," they demanded.

Then, in an instant, that mood changed. Private Elvis Presley strode in, grinned and sat down at a table. There is a magic about that boy. A reaching out to other human beings which carries without the use of words. Reporters who had been irritated, a moment before, smiled back and turned mellow. Writers swarmed around Elvis, demanding his signature. Photographers elbowed for room to shoot. I have never seen anything like it.

Questions came fast. Elvis's answers were deft and touched with humor. How did he describe his ideal girl? "Female, sir," said Elvis. What did the guys in his company call him? "They've got lots of nicknames, but you wouldn't want to print them."

He spoke seriously about his mother, who had died soon after he entered the Army. "Because I was an only child, she was very close. She was a friend who would let me talk to her any hour of the day or night, if I had a problem. I would get mad sometimes, when she wouldn't let me do something. But I found out she was right about almost everything. She would try to slow me up if I thought I wanted to get married." He would not marry while in the service. "Even if I fall in love, I figure if she's the right sort of girl, she'll wait for me."

The press and Presley were having a fine talk together when the Army called time. The pier was crowded now. Families who had come to say goodbye to their own soldiers were trying to find them. Presley fans who had skipped school, and Terminal personnel on their lunch hour, pressed against the guard lines. The decks of the *U.S.S. Randall* were filled with troops and Army families.

The Army kids had appropriated the best spot of all. Quite a flock of them were clustered on the flying bridge above the troop deck. Right in the center of the group was the Day trio. I waved. It was time for Janet to take over as the TV RADIO MIRROR reporter.

She airmailed her diary as soon as the ship docked at Bremerhaven. Her report, which follows, has been shortened a bit, but there have been few changes. We feel thirteen-year-old Janet's own "copy" has the flavor of Emily Kimbrough's "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."

Janet begins: "When Daddy received our orders to Germany last February, I didn't even imagine that I would be on the same boat as Elvis Presley. In fact, I didn't know for sure until this morning that he was really sailing on the *Randall*. I was never so excited in my life. Judy, my nine-year-old sister, was excited, too. She was so excited she got sick, sick, sick. Wow!"

The Days were the first of the families to board. "We went straight to our cabins and then back on deck. I certainly didn't want to miss seeing Elvis!" She waited impatiently for the press conference to end. "Elvis finally came on board about noon. They had some other soldiers waiting so that pictures could be taken of him walking up the gangplank with them. When he crossed, everyone on the *Randall* and on the pier started yelling. They made him turn around so they could take more pictures of him. Elvis even kissed a girl! Wish it could have been me. I was green with envy."

Noise subsided while Elvis, his manager and members of the RCA Victor staff went down to the ship's library for a final talk. Janet went to her cabin to unpack. She almost missed the second wave of excitement. "I heard a band playing and people yelling. Elvis was standing on the deck giving away autographs and pictures. You can bet I was on that deck in two seconds."

Janet had caught the fever. "I never thought that I could go crazy over any singer the way you see people doing in the newsreels and magazines, but I really flipped over Elvis. He's much more handsome than any of his pictures and with those long, black eyelashes . . . Sigh!"

The "All ashore" call came. Sailors cast off the lines. Elvis was at the rail. Perceptive Janet felt the drama. For the first time, he was leaving his native land. "I finally got his picture and just stood looking at it. Then I looked at the real Elvis. I wasn't yelling any more—just looking and thinking. He was very quiet and polite to everybody, but he looked sad—and a little mad.

"Suddenly I felt a great pity for him. He must have been terribly tired and even with all these people, lonely. I wished I could have given him my own wonderful mother to talk to and help him. As we pulled away from the pier, I thought his eyes seemed ready to let a little tear go. I wanted to cry for him. Maybe that isn't really the way he felt—probably no one will ever know, but if I had been Elvis I would have."

By the next morning, Tuesday, Janet was back to being a star-hunting teenager. "I haven't seen Elvis since yesterday. Rumor had it that he would be working in the library. I went down to see and couldn't find him. My father has seen him several times, close up. I don't really think he cares if he sees Elvis or not. I've been wondering what I should say to Elvis if I met him. Since he's so much older than I am, should I say 'Mr. Presley'? But everybody else seems just to call him by his first name."

As the ship logged distance, the Army kids got acquainted. They were quite friendly, in fact. The boys had begun to tease the girls. One boy reported that Elvis had been in the nursery, singing to the small children. When Janet went to see, he was gone. "Was I mad! Seems I miss everything. Well, tomorrow is another day."

On Wednesday, the girls joined forces. "Darby Barnes, Sheilah Brown and Terry Bishop are some of the girls I've met. They're just as excited as I am about being on the *Randall* with Elvis. We spent the day looking for him—with no luck. He's in and out of the Transportation Office all day. Usually we're on the sun deck when somebody runs up saying 'Elvis is in the coffee lounge.' Down we go and arrive to the tune of, 'He's just left.' It is very discouraging.

"All the boys seem to be able to see him whenever they want to. They keep telling us, 'He doesn't like you girls. All you ever do is scream all over the place. He's scared of you.' That's enough to drive anybody crazy. You'd think we wanted to tear his clothes off."

By Thursday, talk centered on the variety show, set for Sunday night. Janet wrote: "I'm praying that Elvis will be in it. Rehearsals are at 1:00 P. M. and 7 P. M. Lots of people go to watch. They're usually thrown out by some chief petty officer—you should hear everybody talk about him. Madder than hornets. The captain who is in charge of the variety show is really great, though. He's very polite and has a terrific sense of humor."

Sometimes it seemed to Janet that that captain was the only one not bent on bedeviling the girls. A bit of Army vs. Navy was also working up. "I caught a glimpse of Elvis today. He was just leaving the Transportation Office. The sailor who works in the ship's store is always telling us how he plays cribbage with Elvis. He nearly drives us crazy saying that Elvis told him he hated girls. We just don't know what to believe."

One boy did prove helpful. "Jerry Richards got my 'King Creole' album autographed by Elvis today, and on both sides yet. I feel sort of silly going up and asking him for his autograph. Also I can't even seem to find him." But the girls, too, had their innings. "This afternoon, all the teenagers had a wonderful time. We got hold of some records and played them in the lounge. The favorites were Presley records and 'Johnny B. Goode'."

Friday, wrote Janet, was simply nothing. The sea was calm and beautiful, but boredom had set in. By Saturday, the topic was the variety show. "Everyone's excited about it. We know that Elvis isn't going to be singing in it but he will play piano. Just seeing him is enough."

Sunday, Janet wrote: "To start at the beginning of an exciting day, I shall say I went to church. Protestant Divine Services were held at 1000 hours. The chaplain gave a short but thoughtful sermon and the choir sang very well. After dinner, we attended a movie. Don't ask me what happened after that. It seemed to go by in a fast fuzz.

"That variety show was really great. I overheard the captain himself say it was the best show they had had in ages. It started out with a mambo band playing while a sailor ate fire and glass. Even though you know there's a trick to it, you still can't believe it. A comedian was very funny. He had quite a bit of competition from the M.P. who used to be

March Cover
Peter Lind Hayes
TV RADIO MIRROR
at your newsstand February 5

with Red Foley's Foggy Mountain Boys. There were lots of really good singers."

Then came Elvis! "He sat down several times to play piano. I guess he just can't hold still because he really was shakin' it up on the ivories. All the females on the boat—adults and teenagers together—just flipped every time he winked at them. Every little bit, he'd throw up his hands and wiggle which sent everybody into sighs. We're supposed to be too grown up to scream over him, but I managed to let a little shriek out without being noticed too much."

Then the chase began. "We followed Elvis around. Darby got his autograph on a stuffed dog she had bought. Jerry, my brother, didn't have any paper so he rushed in the restroom to get a paper towel for him to sign on. I have two pictures signed. One says, 'To Janet' and the other 'To Ann.' It's for my girl friend in Webb City, Missouri."

Monday, according to Janet, was moody. Everyone realized the trip was nearly over. "There was a candlelight dinner this evening with an excellent filet mignon. I got all dressed up in high heels and everything. I thought I might go, but none of the boys would get dressed up in a suit. They couldn't get in without a suit on and I didn't want to go alone, so I just sat on the deck and listened to the music."

Tuesday, It happened. Janet wrote: "I packed all afternoon, but I still had time to try to catch a last glimpse of E.P. Wonder of wonders, I did.

"Sheilah, Terry, Darby and I went down to the coffee lounge and Elvis was in the Transportation office right next to it. We all wanted autographs and he was polite about giving them to us. He started to leave, then came over to us. He looked at everyone and said 'Hello.' He looked down at me and said, 'Hello, baby.'

"I was acting just like a gook. I looked up into those beautiful eyes and said something that sounded like heh-heh-heh. This finished me. He talked to Sheilah while I just stared at him. He's so cute! I was standing right next to him and he moved his foot. Onto my toe. I'll never polish that shoe again. I'm going to sleep and dream about him now."

On Wednesday, the voyage was over, much the same way it began. Poor Janet had troubles. Grown-up reporters, remembering their own problems on stories, might wonder if our novice caught a touch of "Presley luck." Dolefully, Janet wrote: "This was the worst day of my life. I couldn't say I was seasick because we're not on the ocean anymore. The whole trip and I didn't even feel rocky. So we get into port and I nearly die. After the boat docked, I was able to come up on deck, just in time, too. Elvis was standing just below the sundeck on the troop deck. Mother got an excellent picture of him looking up at us.

"Hundreds of Elvis fans were being restrained by the M.P.'s. They were screaming for him and waving their arms. Suddenly they broke loose and came running toward the train he was to board. One M.P. grabbed a girl and she socked him one, right in the jaw. I would have done the same thing in her place. They had come down to see him and were not allowed to come within two hundred yards of him.

"At this point, I had to return to my cabin or get sick again. When I was able to come out, he was already on the train, waving goodbye. So Elvis Presley went out of my life. But he will return. Or else."

Thirteen or thirty-one, a lot of women will echo little Janet Day.



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Teen-Age Marriages Do Pay Off

(*Continued from page* 56)

Lee. For, when we met, I *knew* when I said, "How-do-you-do," while Lee looked right through me. I went home and told Mother, "I met the boy I'm going to marry today!" I hadn't met his parents, knew nothing of his background. In fact, I knew nothing about him. Except that he was going to be my husband.

That was the first time in my life I had ever said blatantly, "This I want and will get." Everything before sort of happened to me by accident. I was really afraid to admit right out I wanted something, because I might be hurt. Not so with Mr. Bonnell. The Gateway to Happiness was a little crowded for awhile, but eventually I walked through it.

You see, I was one of Texas' entries for the "Gateway to Hollywood" contest. Lee was South Bend, Indiana's answer to the movies. We were at RKO with dozens of other contestants, trying for that winning contract which would create two new movie stars called Terry Belmont and Gale Storm (please note the billing—a wifely touch). I was sure Lee would become Terry, and I was determined to make my bid for the name of Gale Storm last as long as possible. I didn't expect to win, but I knew going back to Houston meant the end of a beautiful romance that hadn't started yet.

My campaign tactics might turn a hardened politician pale—but they worked. So, for what they're worth, I'll outline 'em for receptive, perceptive gals in need of a plan. It goes without saying, really, that you should try this first on a fellow you are not wild about. That way you can be objectionable—or, rather, objective—while you practice. It's easier to use good judgment if you're not too emotionally involved.

Unfortunately, in this case, I reminded Lee of his fourteen-year-old sister! What he didn't know was that I didn't *think* like his little sister. He practically patted me on the head, whilst he made gay-bachelor doings with sophisticated actresses. As I had nothing to lose and everything to gain, I started the first maneuver. Every time we came in contact, I gave him all my attention, honestly flattering, most carefully, his dependable male ego. In no time, he began to realize that I thought he was something very special.

The only problem at this stage is that everybody else notices it, too, and it can get embarrassing. But the end results can be worth it. The producer began to pair us off in the contest plays. After a period of time, you can really take advantage of such opportunities and lay the flattery and interest on pretty thick. He becomes accustomed to this treatment with the greatest of ease, kindly accepts it and casually expects it.

Then—you cut off his supply abruptly. But you must be very careful. Not be angry, upset or ignoring. You just don't see him, sort of. He begins to notice. He wonders, *Did I make that little thing mad?* So he migrates to you for a chat. You're friendly, smiling and brief, with a "nothing-is-wrongish" attitude. Finally, he has to come over and say, "Is anything wrong?" This is an important step. You are sweet, reassuring—and you go away. He begins to think something is wrong with *him.* For the sake of his own ego, he has to be reassured that he is interesting. He is forced to take an interest in you. When he starts in on you, he has to *think* about you. For the first time, he's outside his own ego and looking at you. And once you get his interest. . . . Well, girls, this is the way. Isn't that sneaky?

Once I'd snagged my man, Mother stepped in and suggested rather firmly that we wait a year to marry, as I was just finishing high school on the RKO lot and, in a year, I'd be seventeen and one-half. I reluctantly agreed. We decided it wouldn't hurt to wait. Nothing changed in that year, except that Lee and I got to know one another much better. And as Terry Belmont and Gale Storm—we won—we both worked hard. It was a year well-spent in learning about each other and preparing for our marriage. But, when we were married, I was still very immature.

However, we had the ingredients that make a teen-age marriage continue to be appetizing. We had the same kind of background, which is pretty important. We had similar good, solid family foundations—not money, but right environment. I think it's difficult when one of a couple is used to money and material things and the other isn't. It can bring up problems that those with a sameness of background don't have to consider. We felt the same about raising children. Neither of us believes in this fifty-fifty husband-wife bit. It's a question of which one needs the most at the moment. Percentages should become ninety-ten, when one or the other is in great need. Fathers who feel nothing is their job except bringing home a paycheck are missing the maximum pleasure of their children. It's the everyday things that are so important. Lee and I both sort of grew into being parents. And he was as eager to take care of the babies—from bottles to diapers—as I was. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Another basic we had in common was religious background and a strong spiritual life. We shopped for the right church before we were married. I was a Methodist and Lee a Christian—and that's just what he said, when we settled on the Hollywood Beverly Christian Church: He'd finally made a Christian out of me! When the children came along, we started teaching Sunday School. Worked our way up from kindergarten to junior-high groups. And, even though we live in the Valley now, we still go in to the Hollywood Beverly Christian Church on Sunday. A spiritual life makes marriages so much fuller—more solid. For, after all, when we're stripped right down as individuals—faith is all we've got. And a spiritual life is like marriage. It has to be worked at daily.

I think the constant working for a happy marriage is buried under a load of idealized, glamorous, pink and frothy bubble-bath today. Everybody expects the foam and bubbles to billow forever. Not so. They do fade. But that good old bath water underneath is softer and heavenly scented to fulfill its primary purpose. If you think I'm all wet, that's your privilege! But I know it's the couple that does *not* expect life to be a perennial honeymoon that stays happy. There's no reason why a pair intent on the right life together can't go to marriage counselors or ministers *before* the wedding. Counselors have a batch of questionnaires now which can give you a knowledge of yourself and one another. If there are problems you've been blithely ignoring, they'll show up. How much better to face them before than after!

Because I think it's true that some young people marry for the wrong reasons. Of course, they have, since 5000 B.C.—and probably will continue to, even after this article. But rationalization is a most insidious weakness. If a situation is bad, it's so easy to rationalize—to justify—to talk yourself into anything to relieve the present pain. It's about the age of thirteen that the fight to become an identity, an individual, sets in. "Independence" becomes a precious word. Because of an intolerable home situation, a girl, starved for affection, can talk herself into being in love with a boy who will, at least, take her out of the home she hates. A boy, smothered with the wrong kind of love at home, can run in desperation to have a place of his own—and find a girl to share his new life. Or there's just plain old rebellion against authority. When rebelling, the grass is always greener—temporarily. It's easier to stay out of—than get into—the wrong marriage. You can always recover (even when you're sure you can't) from a bad marriage you didn't make.

Even with real love, it sometimes seems hard to blend. I remember when Lee and I would stop by store windows before we were married. He'd say, "Hey, that's good-looking." I didn't say anything, but I thought: *Ugh! I don't like that at all.* Yet, after we were married, in the process of becoming one, our tastes came together easily and naturally.

I was very immature when we were married. Lee is very tolerant—he says he was, too. I was immature, but—a very important point—I was aware of it and attempted to overcome it from the beginning. For instance, I'd always wanted four children. Yet, when I found out I was pregnant for the first time, I panicked. I thought, *I'm too young to have a baby!* Besides, Lee had just gone into service, and I wondered about being a new mother and alone with the responsibility. On thinking it over, I knew I could handle it somehow.

Many teenagers are overly sensitive, and I was no exception. I was very emotional. In fact, I started crying just before the wedding. I walked down the aisle with my nose running, tears streaming down my face, and Kleenex clutched under my bouquet. The minister was so panicked at the sight of my face that he made it the fastest ceremony on record. I cried for three days. I was happy!

To be honest, I haven't changed much in that department. I was so touched when Ralph Edwards made me the subject of one *This Is Your Life* that I cried. Not just then, but now. Anytime someone says "Ralph Edwards," my throat and eyes fill up and I reach for the tissues. I'm happy about the show. Quite often, I cry great, salty tears just because I'm happy. That sort of thing Lee has learned to live with over the years.

But I had to overcome sensitivity relating to vanity. Because I was the youngest of five children, I came in for the real heavy dose of love and affection the "baby" usually gets. Mother and I had been so close, I hadn't exactly been prepared to face the world—or Lee. I was quite bluntly a "mother's girl." That made it take longer for me to develop maturity. If Lee said, "Your hair looked better the other way," my super-sensitivity would create a gorgeous little scene. Lee really had to watch *what* he said and *how* he said things to me. I was just palpitating to be hurt. In a short time, came the dawn. I realized how unfair I was being. If I remained overly sensitive about *everything,* I would make our relationship unnatural. And I saw it for what it was—plain old vanity! That did it. Mrs. Bonnell settled down, in that area.

There were other areas. Like arguments. It always amazes me when some couple says, "We've never had a cross word!" My reaction is "Ick!" What kind of a life can they have led? To me, there

are two kinds of arguments and Lee and I have had both—the destructive and the constructive. They can sound exactly the same—the anger, the tears, the histrionics. But the constructive goes something like this (and, you know, it's quite possible this one is real, from somewhere 'way back in the past):

So I say to Lee, "You left your dirty clothes out all over the floor and chairs. I have to pick up all day long after the children. The least you can do is pick up after yourself!"

And he says, "So what about your kitchen—if you're so neat and tidy? Stacked to the ceiling with dirty dishes while you listen to the radio."

Now this can bring on recriminations, tears and fury. But right in the middle of it, no matter how mad you are, you can ask yourself: *Is this constructive or destructive?* (You can, because I've done it.) This one is constructive because, after you've said all the silly things and made up, he remembers about his clothes and, because he loves you, he makes a special effort. And you, loving him and revelling in his thoughtfulness, spic-and-span the kitchen and try to keep it that way.

The destructive arguments tear at the other person's ego, touch on a subject where the other person is terribly sensitive, or harp on something he dislikes about himself. One word in anger can start a devastating barrage of destruction. One word in particular, around this house, can flip my wig to the beamed ceilings: "always." It's a trigger word. Like: "Why do you *always* wake up mean and moody?" The angry answer has to be "What do you mean 'always'?" Nothing happens "always" and to use it in criticism, in marriage, can start a whale of a fight. Making up takes longer after one of these.

Please remember, though, that a good, lusty argument really isn't the end of a marriage—it may even help cement it. And, of course, nothing cements marriage like children. If you're a teen-age bride, you can start your family early enough and be young when they are grown—in fact, grow up *with* them.

The world's largest and oldest fifteen-year-old just walked by and asked a question. Actually, this handsome hulk is Phillip, our firstborn. He's edging over the six-foot mark and treats me tenderly, as if I were slightly addlepated. Occasionally, he just grins at me and says fondly, "Mother, you're so immature." He thinks he's kidding, of course, but he's so right. I hope he never finds out.

Peter and Paul are adopting their older brother's attitude toward their mother, just as fast as they can swing that manly nonchalance without their voices cracking. But then I have Susanna, who just reached two—and doesn't have the male attitude toward her mother. My blonde little pixie thinks I'm quite motherly. Especially when I am a good audience to her rather dramatic, though garbled rundown of the day's happenings.

We have never had what I like to call "The Children's Hour." That's when the nurse marches the children out to have a fast forty-five minutes "with mummy and daddy" and then disappear again, only to be produced on call. Our kids can have "Children's Hour" twenty-four hours a day.

And now my husband has come home. He's settling down across from me, smiling. If I've ever doubted that a teen-age marriage can pay off, I need only appraise my own happiness and feel the surge of fulfillment when I see that smile of contentment on the face of my handsome husband.



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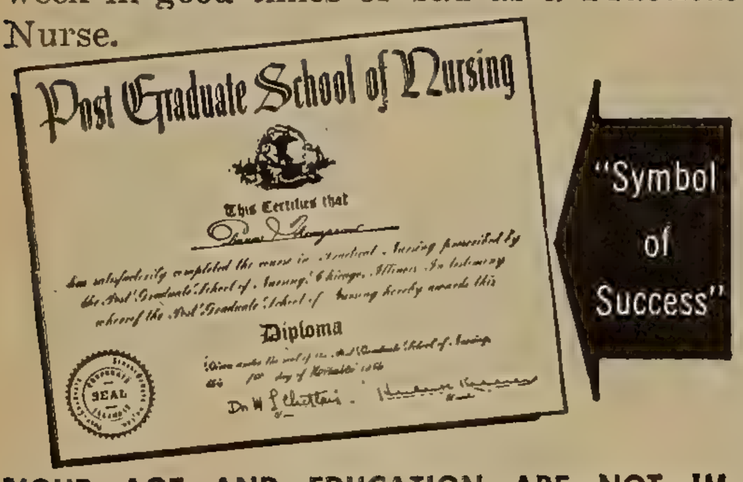
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The Beauty with the Brain on Top

(*Continued from page 29*)

make simple toys and useful articles from ordinary objects to be found around every home—a plate, a spoon, a brown paper bag, daddy's old socks.

There is no limit to the fun that can be had with a little ingenuity. Shari works on the theory that money isn't at all a necessary commodity in the world of childhood. Far more important is learning to use your ten fingers, your senses, your voice and the inanimate objects close at hand.

Shari is not merely the exponent of this philosophy, she's the living proof of it. Both her parents were teachers. Her mother is music supervisor for the Bronx Board of Education in the Bronx Public Schools. Her father, Dr. Abraham B. Hurwitz, has been professor of Child Guidance at Yeshiva University for the past twenty-five years. In the beginning, his university work took only three hours a day. In those difficult times, with a family to support, a man took on as many jobs as he could get. Dr. Hurwitz was head of Creative Education for the City of New York, as well as official magician—"Peter Pan, the Magic Man." He had many fine European artists working under him on W.P.A. And he had as great a facility in learning as in teaching. Little Shari, taught by her parents from the age of sixteen months, picked up a wealth of material, voices, imitations, tricks gladly shared with the Hurwitzes by the artists they met.

Dr. Hurwitz also worked with problem boys at orphanages and with average kids every summer at camp. Mrs. Hurwitz was his right hand, teaching music and voice. Participating in everything was little Shari. "She was raised on a music box," her mother says. "As a baby, she went to sleep with it. As a tot, she'd open it and listen fascinated. Seeing that she took to music, I taught her piano. Gradually, she took on accordion, xylophone, violin and other instruments. If Shari wanted to change instruments, we never blocked her. All we insisted upon was that she stay with the new one till she learned to play pieces."

From a survey of his problem boys, Dr. Hurwitz learned that magic was their big attraction. So he used magic to hold their interest and to teach. He had number tricks, music tricks, science tricks, word tricks. "You can teach a child anything by making it a game" has always been his philosophy.

Because the Hurwitzes believed strongly in family life but were such active, busy people, they had to make Shari a part of all their activities. They took her along to camp and, when the children performed, Shari performed with them. When Dr. Hurwitz learned new magic tricks for his boys, Shari learned them, too. She lapped everything up—the magic, the music, the imitations, the voices. She also developed a pleasant voice.

"With Shari, as with all children," her father says, "it was a question of going along with her interests. Shari's first interest was in dancing. I got her interested in magic by teaching her a simple trick that she could do while she danced—changing the color of scarves."

Shari has been performing in public from the age of four, when she pulled a rabbit out of a hat at a magic show. Because she grew up during the Depression and her parents couldn't give her money to buy every new toy that came out, they taught her how to make her own. "The joy of creating is much greater than just buying something," Dr. Hurwitz explains. "Parents can't always hand out money, and it's not always wise to do this, even if you can. The best things you can give your child are understanding, interest, improvisation. We gave Shari materials and the opportunity to follow her interests. We taught her to 'make do' with what she had."

They listened to her, too, so she found it easy to talk. "We're a family of extroverts," Shari laughs. "We're all tiny and we're always talking. At school, I was the shortest one in the class, so there was never any question of where I'd be found. Always in the front row! But what I lacked in height, I made up for in talk."

She became the "Charles Laughton" of junior high when she was picked to read the Bible every week in assembly. And every year, from the time she was four till she was twenty-four, she took part in the magic show her father put on in the Central Park Mall.

At the High School of Music and Art, she specialized in voice, piano and violin. But she also kept up her dancing at the School of American Ballet, and studied dramatics at the Neighborhood Playhouse and Columbia University. In her mid-teens, she and her father entertained for the U.S.O. At sixteen, she played summer stock at the Lambertville Music Circus and was sure that, when she was graduated, she'd be a dancer.

But, a year later, she had a broken leg and a broken dream. Her father didn't let her brood over this fate for long. Before she could say, "Woe is me!"—he was teaching her ventriloquy to amuse her during her convalescence. She became so good at it that, three months later, she won first prize on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*. She began to think of having her own TV show and formulating one in her mind.

One day on Broadway, she ran into Lan O'Kun, whom she remembered from high school, though she hadn't known him well then. "I know you," said Shari. "Your father was one of my teachers and you used to write music and play the piano. What are you doing now?"

"I'm still writing music and playing the piano," said Lan. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to have a TV show," Shari said airily. "Maybe we should get together." It was a happy thought, though Lan insists they were both having pipe dreams then. Yet, from the beginning, the combo was a tearing success. Lan writes all of Shari's music—several original themes a week. He is her accompanist and head writer, as well as composer.

A year after the Godfrey program, at the age of eighteen, Shari had her own show, *Facts 'N' Fun*. This was followed by a series of other programs, *Kartoon Klub, Shari And Her Friends* and, in 1957, *Shariland* and *Hi Mom*. Shari has taken to TV like a charm. She has the happy intimacy and spontaneity the medium calls for, and nothing has fazed her, from earliest days.

When she was a puppeteer and a puppet's string would break, she'd ad-lib about his being tongue-tied. Because she was relaxed and could laugh over errors, her audiences laughed with her. Even today, when she's teaching her viewers to make things, something occasionally goes wrong. Shari will laugh, admit "I goofed!" and go on. It's an attitude that keeps kids and their parents from getting self-conscious. Even mistakes are fun, when you can pick yourself up and try again.

In preparing their shows, Shari and her staff sit around breakfast at a nearby

coffee shop and "brainstorm" each script. No one is over thirty. Everyone is brimming with laughter, life, original ideas. The staff consists of Shari's director, producer, husband, two writers, occasionally a visiting friend. Over coffee, they suggest situations, bits, puns (for which her "characters" are famous). They are ruthless in tearing their ideas to bits and in saying nay to someone else's brainchild. They can dish it out and they can take it, but they are just as enthusiastic when they like something. The results are live scripts turned out by Lan and the other writer, Stan Taylor, from the group's brainstorming. Shari, being nearsighted, reads very little. She memorizes everything as fast as her writers turn it out, and she has a fantastic memory.

The most natural outgrowth of her programs is her RCA Victor children's albums. The long-playing "Fun in Shariland" was an immediate best-seller, with an advance of 100,000. It features Shari with Lamb Chop and Charley Horse, in the songs Lan O'Kun has written for her shows. Shari herself has written two books, "The Shari Lewis Puppet Book (How to Pull Strings and Influence Puppets)" and "Gerty in Shariland," which will soon take their place with her paper-doll books, coloring books, plush animals, hand puppets and other toys, all thought up to delight the small fry.

Earlier this year, Shari married Jeremy Tarcher, a young television producer. Today, having been told about Jeremy and about Shari's honeymoon trip, her young viewers inquire, when they meet Shari, "How's Lamb Chop? How's Jeremy?" To them, both are now an equal part of their beloved Shari's world.

Jeremy is extremely proud of his pretty young wife. Their busy life starts daily at 6 A.M. In spite of eighteen hours of telecasting, interviews, conferences, rehearsals, records and brainstorming, the newlyweds still find the time to talk to each other on the phone four or five times a day.

Sundays are all their own, and they have such a fine time together—resting, reading and trying out the recipes of Josie McCarthy, who is on Shari's show—that often the Tarchers don't set a foot outside their apartment. For all her being a career girl, Shari loves her new domesticity. She counts herself fortunate in having Josie teach her how to cook and in learning about the care of babies from Nurse Jane, also on her show. At present the Tarcher household boasts a mink, a monkey, a collie and a cockatoo. "But I can't wait to have a brood of my own," Shari admits, "to see how my teaching will work on *them*."

Once in six weeks, she and Jeremy steal the time to go to the supermarket and stock up on provisions. "We have a ball, buying out the place—we have to, since the food has to last till our next shopping spree!" Mothers and their kids stare at Shari, in her guise of housewife, puzzled because she is wearing horn-rimmed glasses. Sometimes a mother will tell her, "You look just like that girl on television—the one my kids love."

That she should be that girl doesn't seem possible to her loyal admirers, for, to them, Shari and her puppets are in a world apart. Pre-schoolers write her great printed love notes telling her she is quite the prettiest lady they have ever seen—with the possible exception of Mommy. Others write to Charley Horse and Lamb Chop, asking how Shari is when they are all "let out of the glass"—meaning the TV screen. To these youngsters, Shari seems a kind of doll, just like her puppets.

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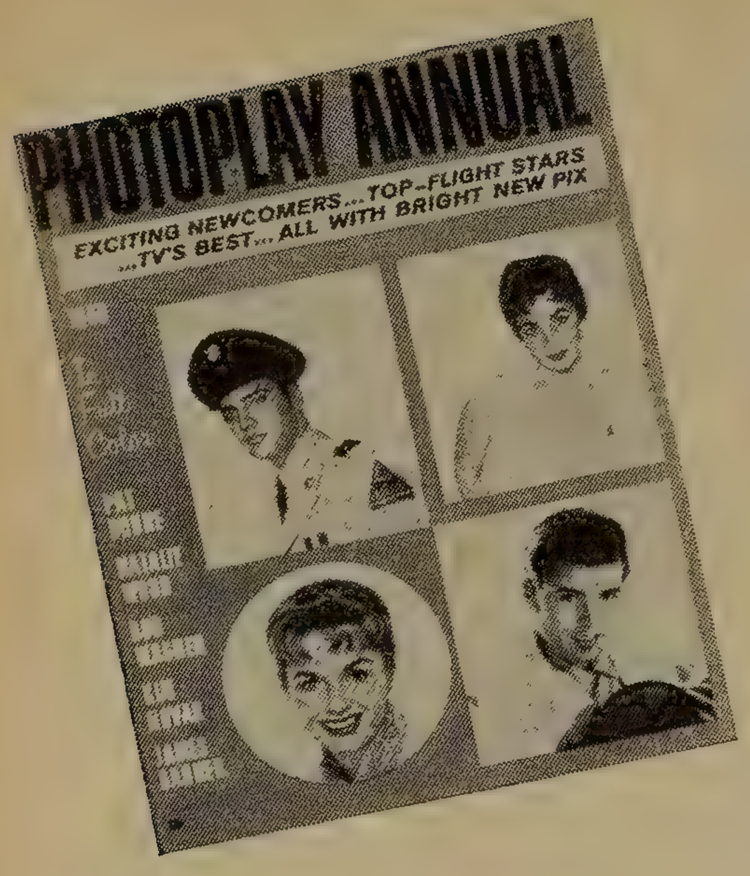
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Gobel's Cinderella Kids

(*Continued from page 47*)

twinkles daughter Mary. "We journeyed from a town of 3,110 to one with about 10,000—all of twenty-five miles away." To this, her father answers, "Your mother and I were high-school sweethearts in Emmetsburg. There are a million memories tying us to that little town. Even to move one mile away seemed like a transatlantic trip."

A war veteran, Claude got a job clerking for a grocer, and the Kids, their volume now bolstered by younger sister Claudia, added their bit to the family income with a paid singing job on Station KICD. Their sponsor was Stone's Shoe Store and, as Marie puts it, "A good chunk of their salary went right back to the store. Like most active children, they were always going through their shoes." At this period, Mary had become the "lead-in" singer of the group. Their favorite number was "Who, Who, Who Pulled the Light Plug Out of the Socket," and it never failed to set the audience tapping and whooping with delight. "They loved us in Spencer," laughs Alice.

Then, as luck would have it, Gordon Gammack of the *Des Moines Tribune,* a columnist with his own show on KRNT, came to Pocahontas for the farmers' fair. Glancing at the program, he grimaced. "Ugh, a kid act!" But the crowd was dense and he saw no avenue of escape. He resigned himself to a bad half-hour. A moment later, he was sitting erect, a startled look of interest and pleasure on his face, listening to a very skillful blending of voices giving out with a beat that was both new and different. In a recent column, he recalls feeling that "the kids had it," and resolving to "get them to Des Moines." Like so many good intentions, this was buried under an avalanche of pressing duties, and it was five years before Gammack heard them again on KRNT's Mary Jane Chinn show. He promptly invited them to appear on his Sunday-night program and did his best to get them a rousing reception.

He needn't have been concerned. Public reaction was everything a performer dreams of. It seemed everybody loved them, everybody wanted them for all sorts of functions, and Ralph Zarnow, a local booker, took them on. Again in the cause of their career, the Pettits moved, this time to Des Moines. Here they got to work cutting tapes which were shipped to Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts,* to Steve Allen and the Ed Sullivan show. Not a nibble. Somewhat downcast but still on the up-beat—some months, they were grossing as much as a thousand dollars at conventions, fairs and dances—they went on singing, dreaming, planning.

In 1957, they made several sporadic tries at a breakthrough. They tried Lawrence Welk, who was doing a show in Des Moines, but his schedule was "too tight" to allow for auditions. Then news came that Godfrey's *Talent Scouts* were to audition in Omaha. Off to Omaha went the Pettits, only to find that the show had a rule against youngsters. Says Alice, "We began to feel a tiny stab in our hearts—I guess you could call it panic." At home, Marie and Claude assured them, "It takes a heap of work and time to make the tall corn grow. Your breaks will come."

As if to bear out this Iowan philosophy, suddenly and with dramatic speed, the breaks did begin to roll in on them, one upon the other. First of all, Zarnow, their booker, prevailed on his friend Len Fisher, a topflight theatrical manager, to give them a hearing.

The Kids sang; Fisher listened. There was a long, thoughtful silence. The Kids shuffled their feet and looked anxious. Then Fisher slapped one hand against the other and said: "Well, well, well . . . I've been searching high and low for a winner, and here you come knocking on my door with *five* of them." Later, Fisher described how he felt at that moment. "Once in a long while, a manager hears a performance and he's gripped by a sense of something unusual and remarkable. I knew they had the stuff and, right then and there, I made up my mind to devote myself to pushing them up the ladder."

That was February, 1958, and, by March, the whole Pettit family were entrenched in the Windy City. There was an air of expectancy on the part of all concerned. "Many a spoon dropped that month," recalls Patty wryly. "Nerves—we were like those coeds who sit around on pins and needles waiting for a sorority to tap them." Bob's comment is a brief "To sense something big coming is rougher than being out in the cold and dark altogether."

Ten days . . . twenty days . . . the suspense suddenly was over. The columnist, Gammack, got a call from Zarnow. The Kids were going to be on the Godfrey show at last. Would he act as their "talent scout"? Would he? "Try and stop me," he exulted.

Fisher was also pleased but skeptical. "I realized at once they couldn't win. The studio was jammed with pals of the harmonica player. But I was proud of the show the Kids put on. Even those who voted for their harmonica whiz were obviously impressed with my wonderful Pettits." To young Claudia, however, "winning didn't matter—we had five days in New York and we saw the Statue of Liberty, the Bronx Zoo and everything!"

Another break was the signing of a contract with Spinning Records and the cutting of their first platter, "Blessed Are They," a semi-spiritual that sold over 20,000 in the Chicago area alone. Still another came in the course of appearances on Chicago stations, when Marty Faye, brother of singer Frances Faye, invited them on his WAAF show, *Marty's Morgue.* He gave their record a rousing send-off and, since he's known to be absolutely honest and frank, it had the effect of speeding up sales.

There comes a time when all things seem to conspire for the success of an act. The smallest details, the vaguest associations, all seem to tie in and add their extra little push. Now this happened with "The Petites." Along with manager Fisher, they had acquired an agent, Doris Hurtig. She happened to be a friend of David O'Malley, and he turned out to be George Gobel's manager. In the early part of June, O'Malley and the famed comedian were in Chicago and Miss Hurtig convinced them she had an act "just perfect for television—and, more specifically, George's new show." Somewhat skeptical but nevertheless willing to accommodate an old friend, O'Malley and Gobel agreed to give the Kids a listen. The Kids, awed at meeting Gobel in person and intent on getting his autograph, scarcely heard him utter the fateful words, "I thought you were great . . . wonderful . . . one of the liveliest groups I've heard in years."

Two weeks later, Fisher received a call asking him to fly to Hollywood for a business talk with O'Malley and Gobel, who are partners in Gomalco Productions. And, as Patty chirps it, "Here we are!"

Going on the *Gobel Show* brought three changes: Another move by the Pettit fam-

ily, this time to Hollywood; the dropping of "The Petites," as "sounding too much like a foreign group," in favor of "The Kids Next Door"; and, finally, their incorporation under terms which allows each to get an individual check. "With money comes responsibility," Marie warned them sternly. "There will be no rash spending . . . and no strutting around with swelled heads."

While Marie's concern is natural from the parental point of view, Fisher feels there is no cause for worry. "These kids have their feet on solid ground. They're not likely to fly off, half-cocked. They are also not likely to get conceited, not with parents like Claude and Marie. They are well aware of being in the big-time now and that they have a lot to learn. They still need plenty of building . . ."

"Building?" teases Claudia. "He built us up so good, we had to go on a diet. Every pound shows on television." Alice and Patty sigh and nod their heads in sad agreement, but Mary and Bob only grin. They have no weight problem.

In line with their usual procedure, Claude and Marie and the two younger children motored across the country a month before the singing segment of the family wound up their bookings in the Midwest. A four-bedroom, two-bath home was rented, and Claude immediately set about landing a job as manager of a supermarket. "The Kids have a fine manager who takes care of their business affairs, and we don't interfere," he explains. "And, if I'm working and earning a living for the non-singing part of the family, the Kids can concentrate on their careers with one less worry on their minds."

"Mr. Gobel and all the others here in Hollywood," says Alice, "have been unbelievably kind to us—encouraging us and giving advice based on long experience. No matter how busy he is, everyone takes time out to discuss any problem that might arise for us." To which Bob adds, "Jim Backus was the guest at our first show and he spent hours with us telling funny jokes, just to get us relaxed."

Although the Kids have already won a legion of admirers—because in the words of one reviewer, "their voices dovetail beautifully, an ear-thrilling, spine-tingling blend"—each has kept those traits that make for individuality. Bob, the eldest, and the only boy in the group, has green eyes, loves hunting and fishing, and shows artistic promise. Pointing to some sketches he did of his sisters, he says, "It doesn't look much like them but it's how I see them." A graduate of Roosevelt High in Des Moines, he plans to go to college as soon as the family is more settled into California life. If the group ever disbands, he'd choose sportscasting as his vocation.

The "homebody" of the group, blue-eyed Alice, called "Al," is both spokesman and peacemaker. She helps her mother run the house; looks after little five-year-old Claude; helps get Donny, 9, off to school; hopes to marry "one of these days" and raise a large family. She and Patty wear the same style of clothes and, with the sisterly resemblance, are often mistaken for twins. Her manner and style are casual, even when "dressing up." In 1955 and 1956, she and Bob worked in a bakery to help the family budget. Bob rolled doughnuts and Al sold them. She is a graduate of Spencer High.

Third in line, Patty, called "Pat," has brown eyes, is a definite extrovert and loves bright colors. A trampoline expert who used to perform during halves at basketball games, she was a member of the Girls' Athletic Association at Spencer High. Like Al, she has no desire for col-

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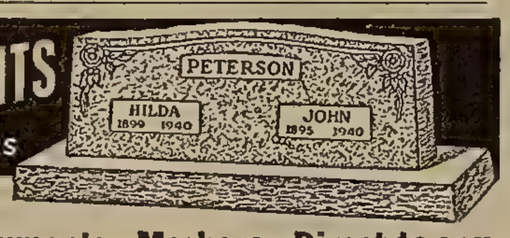
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lege, wants to marry and "have one child." Fixing on that number gives her parents a laugh and they smile knowingly, saying, "She'll get over that, along with her yearning for a mink coat." Though she misses a former boyfriend back in Des Moines, she allows to a "small-sized crush" on David Nelson. Patty's attempts at cooking are the joke of the family. Her Easter eggs, last year, were a fiasco: Claudia bit into one and literally "got egg all over my face"—they were only half done. Fighting the battle of the waistline, Pat goes in for swimming and strenuous exercising.

Brown-eyed Mary objects to her nickname of "Mare," but sighs and says, "I guess I'll have to live with it." A "natural," she began singing at three and would give performances standing on a soda-pop case. Her life moves from one song to another and she is warbling in the shower, while doing her homework, and at play. Quieter in manner than her sisters, Mare's interest in music extends to the classical. "Just as long as it's good, it's for me," she allows. She's a senior at Robert Fulton Junior High in Van Nuys.

Claudia's brown eyes glow happily when she is taken for older than her eleven years. Someone at the studio recently mistook her for Mary and she was so pleased, "I could have kissed him." She's called "Claud," but the conversation gets all balled-up when her name and that of baby brother Claude Junior are used at the same time. The impetuous one of the family, Claudia is also the most inquisitive. "If Mare gets a crush on a boy," says Alice, "Claud can be relied on to fetch home all the scoop on the poor victim." In any description of their house, Claudia is sure to let fall an airy, "And an eighty-foot pool is on the agenda." Her parents have stood her off with a promise to build one when they buy a home. She attends Cohasset School in Van Nuys.

Five young individualists, but they all have one trait in common: No matter where fame may take the Pettits, at heart they'll remain "The Kids Next Door."

Everybody's Princess

(*Continued from page* 63)

stepson, Terry was another potential little admirer like the adoring Mary Ann—who has made it clear she thinks there's no one on earth quite like Charlie! His older sister, Patience, turned to Jeanne with the womanly sweetness of mid-teens and said, "She looks exactly like you. And she has your hands." More complimentary words were never spoken. To Patience, the firm, gentle, capable hands of her youthful stepmother are a symbol of the great love and stability which Jeanne has lavished on everyone close to her.

Jeanne herself says, "What a charming pair of girls Mary Ann and Terry make. Mary Ann is so blonde, with her father's turned-up nose and her grandmother's jaunty way of holding her head. And Terry is a brunette with blue eyes.

"When you have one child, you think, *That's where my whole heart is.* Then you get another one, and it is a happy surprise to find that the heart expands. You love the first one just as much or more than before, and yet there's room for all the love in the world for the second one. You don't have to strain to be fair to the older child. You do it naturally."

Months before Terry was born, Jeanne told all three children at once—Charlie and Patience, the two Morrison children by an earlier marriage, and Mary Ann, then only two-and-a-half years old—about the prince or princess who would be born late in July.

Charlie and Patience were delighted. Mary Ann said, "But, Mommy, *I* still baby." Gradually, however, she became reconciled to the idea. With a generosity much like Jeanne's, Mary Ann would put aside a cherished doll or a little sweater and say, "That will be nice for the baby when the baby comes."

Then July came, and Jeanne prepared to go to the hospital for the eight-day stay her doctor recommends. Jeanne sat with Mary Ann, twirling her beautiful blonde hair into two lovely ponytails that fell below her shoulders. She explained that she would be away for eight days, and counted the number on her fingers, so Mary Ann would understand. Jeanne went shopping, too, at a nearby toy shop, and bought eight inexpensive gifts, chosen with a loving heart.

Several of the gifts, such as the little plastic nursery with cribs in it, represented the purpose of Jeanne's stay at the Good Samaritan Hospital. But she also bought sand toys and other presents having nothing to do with hospitals and babies. All the gifts were lovingly wrapped, and each one was numbered. Attached to each was a card, with a heart drawn on it by Jeanne—her "signature" for Mary Ann.

Jeanne showed her the wrappings and told her that, each evening at dinner, while Mama was in the hospital awaiting the baby, Mildred Davis, the maid, would give her one of the gifts.

"But, Mother," asked Mary Ann, "won't I be able to talk to you?"

"Yes," promised Jeanne. "I'll call you every day. Shall I call at dinner time?"

"No, mother. Please call me at lunch."

And so Jeanne did, every day except the one on which Theresa Cagney Morrison was born. Then Jack Morrison did the calling.

Grandma Morrison, a beaming, happy woman in her early seventies, has gone through joy almost equal to Jeanne's and her son's with the birth of their second daughter. It had been Jeanne's idea to name the first one after her—"Mary Ann" for "Anna Marie." Now, just before the new baby arrived, Mrs. Morrison said to Jeanne, "Please use Cagney as the baby's middle name. If it's a boy, name him Thomas Cagney Morrison."

Jack added, "Jeanne, if the baby's a girl, let's name her Theresa Cagney Morrison."

Terry has obviously been born into a family full of love and laughter—though these haven't always been come by easily. Watching blonde Mary Ann whirl around the room in her little yellow organdy dress, Jeanne says, "What memories that dance brings back! My mother had a life that would bowl you over. My father died six months before I was born. With four boys to raise and me on the way, she could have succumbed to self-pity.

"But, if you expected anything like that, it would be because you didn't know my mother. She might be in the middle of all kinds of trouble. Perhaps she'd be in an apron, sweeping the floor, but when the organ-grinder came into the back yard, she would grab her broom, and dance with it to the music. When I see Mary Ann dancing, I think of my mother and her broom. It's a funny thing—Mary Ann looks just like Jack. But, when she puts the eye on you as my mother used to do, she has the same X-ray gaze. She has purplish-blue eyes, very much like my mother's, too.

"I shall have so many wonderful stories about my mother to pass on to the children," Jeanne recalls. "For instance, the one about my mother's earrings. We were very poor when we were youngsters. When my father died, Mother was left without any money. The only valuable possession she had was a pair of wonderful pendant diamond earrings. My mother was a very pretty woman, and they were just the thing for her to wear when she got dressed up.

"Those earrings were a life-saver. At all moments of crisis, my mother would pawn them, then my brothers would work like mad to get them out. Through the years, in and out of the pawnshop those earrings would go. When my brother Harry wanted to go to medical school, Mama pawned the earrings for his tuition. Later, he bought them back.

"Mother left the earrings to me. She was much taller than I, and I couldn't quite wear them. They were so heavy. But I had them made into a ring with two diamonds. When my little girls are grown, I shall pass on to them Mother's 'earrings' —and the story of the courage behind them—giving each a ring with one of the diamonds. I like the idea of family heirlooms that have stories behind them."

Sentiment is the word for Jeanne, but she is never over-sentimental. Her feelings are too deep and too real for that. "At first," she says, "I felt almost guilty at the idea of bringing a second baby home—for fear that having a second baby might cause me to neglect my first one. But, on second thought, I was reassured. I thought of how grateful I am to be a member of a large family—of how much emptier my life would be if I didn't have four brothers. And then I realized, with a full heart, how wonderful it was that I was bringing home a baby sister for Mary Ann.

"Right now, Mary Ann has the traditional mixed, childish feelings about Terry. Sometimes she worships her; sometimes she becomes exasperated with her. At first, when I would nurse Terry, Mary Ann would resent it a little—till I told her that I'd nursed her, too, when she was a baby. Then she'd watch me and, giggling, copy me as she played with her dolls before she dropped off to sleep.

"She has a girl friend of about her own age, Mary Margaret. Just the other day, Mary Margaret came over to have lunch on the patio with Mary Ann. The first thing Mary Ann wanted to do was to show her girl friend the baby. Frankly, Mary Margaret was much more interested in the toys on the patio than in the new baby. Disconcerted by Margaret's lack of interest, Mary Ann ordered, 'Now, Margaret, *you look at my baby!*"

Each day has surprises for Jeanne. When she looks at Mary Ann, she feels as if she is looking at the face of her beloved husband, Jack Morrison, professor of theater arts at U.C.L.A. And, when she looks at their younger daughter, she thinks in surprise, *Can this be* my *face?* But Terry really does look like Jeanne.

"Our house is in a state of flux right now," laughs Jeanne. "When Jack and I first got married, it seemed such a big house. Now we feel as if we're short about two bedrooms. Temporarily, we've converted the dining room into a place for the baby. Later, we'll put the two little girls into the same bedroom, and perhaps build a room over the garage for Charlie."

The relationship between Patience and Charlie and the two latest arrivals at the Morrison household is something wonderful to behold. One day, Charlie hurt his finger. Mary Ann looked at him with her big "X-ray" eyes, and asked, "Does your finger hurt, my brother?"

Charlie swallowed a lump in his throat, and Jeanne swallowed one in hers. "As the little sister of four big brothers, I understand how she feels," says Jeanne. "Big brothers can be very wonderful. All the love and concern in the world were in Mary Ann's voice—and Charlie couldn't help responding to that.

"Patience and Charlie have enriched my life immeasurably," she continues. "Of course, I could never take the place of their mother, and I would never want to, but I love the idea that, when they visit with us, I can add a little to their happiness."

Almost from the start, Patience and Charlie have approved of Jeanne. Jeanne and Jack Morrison met for the first time at an ANTA Theater meeting at the home of Kenneth Macgowan. Jeanne had been studying child development, and observing children at U.C.L.A. elementary school. Unwittingly, she had been observing her future stepchildren, who were in the class.

Jeanne went to the ANTA meeting with her friend Carol Stone. Jack had been invited to dinner; Jeanne hadn't. They saw each other through a crack in the door, and liked what they saw. "From the start," Jeanne recalls, "we talked like old friends. I said to myself, 'What a wonderful man. I wonder if he's married? If he is, I hope his wife will like me, too.'"

Later, she found out he was divorced. A couple of months later, he invited her to lunch in the faculty dining room at U.C.L.A. Jeanne said forthrightly, "I'd like to meet your children sometime."

After she met the children, they saw a lot of each other. About six months after meeting Jeanne, Patience—or "Peischie," as Jeanne calls her—pinned Jeanne with her father's fraternity pin. Charlie, who at the time was only five, was not as verbal or demonstrative as Peischie. But there was no doubt of his meaning, the day he came to Jeanne, bearing a magazine in his hand, and pointed to the cover—a picture of a bride and groom. "There never was a formal proposal," Jeanne says. "Jack and I knew that we'd get married when there wasn't any doubt, any question in either of our minds."

They decided that, before they married, they'd take Charlie and Peischie and brother Bill's children to the Sierra Club's ski hut, Keller Peak, in California. Jeanne was to prepare the picnic lunch. She was a little late in getting the lunch ready and, while they were waiting, the children decorated Jack's car all over with flowers.

"We had a wonderful time," Jeanne recalls. "It was one of the most delightful trips I've ever taken. Everyone smiled at us. The car, with all those flower decorations, looked like something from Hawaii."

Later, Jeanne's brother Bill said, "Of course, people smiled. They must have thought it was a wedding car!"

"A wedding car," giggled Jeanne, "with five children!" In addition to Charlie and Peischie and Bill's two children, a friend of Peischie's had come along, too.

Jeanne and Jack were married on June 6, 1953, about four months after the trip in the decked-out Studebaker. The years since have been colorful, and filled with warmth, devotion, and love. And, now that the second princess has arrived in the Morrison household, Jeanne is integrating the baby's life into that of the family, as though it had always been.

"How wonderful," Jeanne smiles, "that the one thing that children need most—love—is the thing we have so much of to give. It doesn't really matter whether we have one bedroom, or two, or three or four. So long as you can give your children love, you are giving them everything that they need and want most."

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Marlene the Magnificent

(*Continued from page* 35)

world over. . . . Why, then, should Marlene Dietrich, of all people, be asked for advice and help with problems that have never, you might suppose, been hers? And what enables Marlene Dietrich, of all people, to give advice and be of help with such problems?

Recently, one of her close friends supplied the clue: "Marlene *looks* less basic and has *more* of the basic qualities than any woman I know."

If this means love of family and a know-how about cooking and housekeeping and the care and feeding of the young, then Marlene has the basic qualities indeed. She is a dedicated mother, a devoted grandmother, a meticulous housekeeper, a superb cook, a hostess to dream of. She is not only capable of doing the so-called "womanly" tasks, but she does them supremely well. Furthermore, she has a sense of values (and of humor) which prompts her to shrug off the glamour label, whenever it tends to obscure the fundamental values in her life, as if it were a loose sequin.

For example, in the early 1930's, when she was first brought to Hollywood from Germany, to co-star in a film with Gary Cooper, it was taboo for a glamorous movie star to admit being a mother. Quite a few lush-and-lovelies of that era abided by the taboo, but not Marlene. Against the rules of her studio bosses, she spoke of her child.

She hasn't changed. Today, if you were to ask her what, in her opinion, is the most important and precious thing in life, she would say—as though surprised that anyone need ask—"Why, *a child is*. I can't imagine my life, I can't remember what I did, or what interested me, or what the days were like, before I had Maria."

Marlene's friends can't imagine Marlene's life without Maria, either. On the walls and incidental tables in the living room of her Park Avenue apartment in New York, there are pictures of her friends—many of whom are world-famous for their achievement in various fields. One is affectionately autographed by her good friend and favorite author, Ernest Hemingway. Another is a recent photograph of Chevalier, inscribed in French: "To Marlene—always your fan, Maurice." Still another is of Sir Alexander Fleming, who discovered penicillin—and gave Marlene the mold from which it was first extracted. The latter, Marlene explains, removing from the wall a small frame under the glass of which is a pale green mound, is "one of my three most prized possessions."

And of paramount importance in the life of one of the world's most fabulous women is the well-being of Maria and her young family. Whenever Maria is obliged to be away from home, it is Marlene who babysits for an evening—or a couple of weeks—with the little boys who, she smiles, have added life to her years, rather than years to her life.

Shortly before she did her first broadcast on *Monitor*, last October, Marlene spent the better part of a week supervising the painters and paperhangers who were redecorating Maria's town house (which is within walking distance of Marlene's apartment), in order to have the job done before Maria and her husband and children returned from a vacation. And on more than one occasion, says Maria, her mother has stopped by on an afternoon "looking too fabulous to touch and, a few minutes later, was down on her hands and knees scrubbing my kitchen floor. Why? Probably because it needed scrubbing! Mommy's motto is: *I do whatever is necessary*. Or it should be. Because she does."

"Duties and responsibilities," Marlene says, "are what make life most worth the living. Duties, first of all, to your family. Duties, also, to friends—to anyone, friend *or* stranger, who is in need of help. You don't have to figure out what your duties are. Supply-and-demand does that for you. For instance, when a lonesome person is sick, my duties may include cooking, or straightening out the bed—or just a bunch of flowers and a call. Or, if someone needs someone to talk to, I sit and talk. Duties are what make life most worth the living—because, lacking them, *you are not necessary to anyone*. And this," Marlene says, with a perceptible shiver, "would be like living in empty space. Or not being alive at all . . ."

Marlene is of a very relaxed and restful-to-be-with temperament. She speaks in a low, slightly husky murmur, almost as if she is thinking aloud. Her movements are leisurely and unhurried, deliberately so. Her pet hate is *rush*. "In fact, my *only* hate, the only thing that makes me nervous," she says, "is rushing to be here at 10:34, there at 12:22, somewhere else at 6:10—you can't do good work this way, and someone has to suffer." So, quite simply, Dietrich avoids having "a crowded schedule"—if that is possible. She will think nothing of cancelling a business appointment, if some private "business" needs more urgent attention.

Perhaps because of her easygoing, noncritical temperament, she is also tolerant of human frailties. "So tolerant that, when it comes to dishing the dirt," one of her friends complains, "Marlene is not much help. She invariably takes the attitude of live-and-let-live or there-but-for-the-grace-of-God-go-I."

But Marlene is capable of becoming very annoyed with women who say, "I'm *just* a housewife," in a self-deprecatory tone of voice. "As if," says Marlene, "the forty-eight-hour-a-day job of running a house and bringing up children is not interesting enough to take pride in!"

"I think," Marlene says, "there are only two valid or compulsive reasons for a married woman to be also a career woman. One is financial necessity. The other is the possession of a great talent. I think if you have a great talent, you have a drive inside of you that will not let you rest, anyway. I think Maria has a great talent. Because I think so, I advised her to have her career. But, if she had a little talent, I would have advised her otherwise. As time goes on, fewer and fewer women know the happiness just making a home can bring. It is a pity. . . ."

In her particular case, Marlene says, having a career had to do with political happenings in her own country—or what was her own country before, in 1939, she became a naturalized American citizen. Marlene was born in Berlin. Her father, Edouard von Losch, was an officer in the patrician regiment of the Guards. She was christened Mary Magdalene von Losch, but changed her name when she began her film career. Actually, she had been called "Marlene" (the first and last syllables of Mary Magdalene) practically from cradle days. "Dietrich" was her mother's maiden name.

Her father was killed in action on the Russian front, when Marlene and her sister were children. When revolution broke out in Berlin, Marlene and her sister and mother knew privation, sometimes hunger, and the constant threat of dan-

ger. Eventually, Marlene was taken to Weimar to attend boarding school. In 1921, when order was restored, the mother and daughters again took up residence in Berlin and, with the hope of making a dream come true, Marlene decided to study the violin. She was making marked progress at the *Hochschule fuer Musik* when she broke her wrist.

Disappointed, but with too much stamina to be defeated, Marlene turned to the theater, enrolling in the Max Reinhardt school of acting. In connection with her Reinhardt school training, she played small roles in the Berlin film studios. It was during this time that she met and married Rudolph Sieber, an assistant film director. After her marriage, she "graduated" to the stage in the Reinhardt theaters. Josef Von Sternberg happened to see her in one of the small parts she was given to play, when he was casting his film, "The Blue Angel," and insisted on her playing the coveted leading role, though the company wanted a "known" actress for the part. Before the film was released, he brought her to Hollywood and Paramount Pictures, in 1931.

Since the success of her first Hollywood film, "Morocco," there has been only one protracted break in Marlene's career. That was in 1943, when she "joined the Army" and was sent overseas to entertain the American servicemen and the Allied fighting forces. Until after V-E Day, Marlene made extensive tours, appearing before GIs in North Africa and Europe. She entertained 500,000 American soldiers, and became the darling of the combat troops, for she invariably insisted on travelling as close to the front as possible, risking her life on numerous occasions.

When Marlene returned to America in 1947, she was awarded the Medal of Freedom, the highest decoration the War Department can give a civilian. And—from a grateful France—the French Medal of Freedom and Legion of Honor. These tributes to the bravery with which she served her country and its allies are—in addition to that first mold of penicillin—her "most prized possessions."

Marlene—a great showwoman—doesn't depreciate the value of the glamour label to a career such as hers. But she does deplore it as a liability to personal happiness and fulfillment. "Being considered 'beautiful' or 'glamorous' may be an asset in Hollywood," she concedes. "To the personal happiness and fulfillment of a woman, it is not only a liability but a threat—at least—of danger. Without it, you have your family. You stay in the same town in which you were born. That is to say, you stay more with your roots. This is, I am quite sure, an easier life. A more peaceful, and thus a happier life.

"How to be loved, for example—beauty has nothing to do with it. I think that the beautiful girls are almost always less happy in love than their plainer sisters. And I think this is because they have had everything the easy way, the *unearned* way, without ever the need to exert themselves, to try to please, to learn, to grow, to endure a hardship, to meet a challenge.

"There are some beautiful women who are also beautiful people," Marlene points out. "But I claim they were all once Ugly Ducklings. Just as, in Hans Christian Andersen's famous story, the apparent 'duckling' became a graceful swan, so many girls only become beautiful when they mature. They are the fortunate ones. They have been obliged to exert themselves, to make the effort to be pleasing, to develop their talents. They are the Marthas of this world, who perform the needed tasks. They are the fortunate ones—because they have duties to perform.

"I know," says Marlene, "because I was one of them. Oh, I was terribly ugly, I was *really* ugly! But, as I grew out of adolescence, I improved. I did not become beautiful—what I see when I look in a mirror does not appear to me to be beautiful. Nevertheless, no matter how—or in what degree—Ugly Ducklings become swanlike, they know you never get anything worth having the easy way."

It isn't easy to picture Dietrich, at any age, as an Ugly Duckling. Her eyes, wide-set under smoothly winged brows, are blue. Her hair is reddish gold. Her skin is alabaster-pale, the year around—she never tans because, as she explains, she isn't "the outdoor type." Five-foot-five, she is not as tall as she appears to be on the screen, and isn't the "femme fatale" type, either, but fragile and fine.

In her New York apartment, Marlene lives alone, save for a daily maid. Asked whether she breakfasts in bed, she laughs, "I make some coffee in the morning—in plenty of time for my maid to have a cup when she comes in." She doesn't diet. "I couldn't be bothered. I don't force myself to eat, that is, just because it's lunch or dinner time. If I'm hungry at three in the afternoon, I eat like a horse at three in the afternoon."

Marlene's apartment, although beautifully and imaginatively done, is of medium size. There is an entrance hall or foyer which also serves as a dining room, a large living room, a very large bedroom opening onto a terrace from which there is a breathtaking view of the city, a kitchen (and Marlene does the cooking, when she has guests). The walls of the foyer are panelled from floor to ceiling with antique mirror-glass. The walls, draperies and upholstery in the living room and bedroom are blending shades of beige, her favorite color. At one end of the living room is a grand piano, at the other end a fireplace flanked with bookshelves. In her bedroom, an enormous "Hollywood" bed covered with a monogrammed beige satin spread is the only piece of furniture one of the world's most glamorous women might be expected to have.

Her apartment, Marlene says, is the only home she has. "I don't own a house. I don't have a car. I don't have a mink coat. I don't care about jewels. Or exotic perfumes. This is not a personal achievement of mine—I just don't particularly crave possessions. I have an extensive and, if you like," Marlene smiles, "a 'fabulous' wardrobe. I have to, because of my profession. But I'd be happier if all my wardrobe were gone—because it would be less bother. I go to a beauty parlor only when it is very, very necessary. Otherwise, I do my own hair and nails."

Looking back, Marlene says that, if she had her life to live over again, she would probably live it as she has done. "I always did what I *felt* like doing. I never did what I *thought* I should do. If you do what you think you should do, if you weigh it at all, it means you are not sure. If you follow your feelings—not just your feelings of the moment, but your deep feelings—there is no question about it.

"As for happiness, I think that one can be completely happy—*at moments*. If you have high standards, I do not believe you can achieve happiness, or should expect to achieve it, all the time."

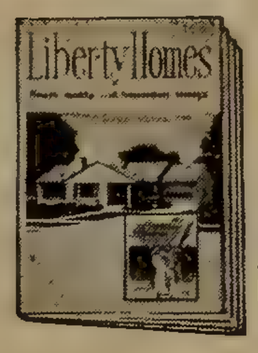
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The Saturday Night Miracle

(*Continued from page 52*)

Ayres, Perry's genial maestro. And, that wall behind Perry . . . well, behind that wall stand the Ray Charles Singers, ready to be viewed as soon as the wall melts away via television magic. With them, ready for action, is slender, dapper Ray Charles himself (most often out of camera range).

In the wings, perhaps nervously biting a nail or two, stands an exotically pretty Japanese girl. This is Michi, the Japanese-American costume designer for the show. She is watching closely, hoping everything looks as stylish, clever and colorful as they looked during the on-camera rehearsal. Behind her are the stagehands, alert and ready for the swift scenic changes. And, lurking in the shadowy darkness of the backstage area is Paul Barnes, the brilliant scenic designer who is one of the newer members of the Como team. His is one of the most important jobs—since this is a major color show, the kaleidoscope of the sets must harmonize perfectly with the costumes.

Somewhere, prowling in the rear of the theater, is gray-haired, eternally cigar-smoking Goodman Ace, dean of television writers . . . who may have been called in to write new lines as late as Saturday afternoon.

And like a general at his command post, overseeing the entire operation, is Clark Jones, the dynamic producer-director. Sitting in the control booth, flanked by engineers, he adjusts his earphones, leans towards the microphone through which he speaks to the cameramen and to the technical director; the hands of the clock move toward the hour and Jones tenses and murmurs: "Here we go . . ."

And *The Perry Como Show* is on the air. As can easily be seen, even by the brief sketch above of the people involved, this is no simple operation. It is an amazing co-ordinated effort by more than two hundred and fifty people of varying backgrounds, temperaments and jobs. They make up almost a small town of their own, all devoted to one thing: A great show every Saturday night.

As it does for most people everywhere, their week's work begins on Monday—except that, this being show business, starting time is one P.M. At the offices of RonCom Productions (Perry's own company), the meeting starts off with a cheery "Hiya, gang," from Perry. The "gang" at the first script meeting consists of Goodman Ace, Clark Jones, a singer named Perry Como, and a short, cigar-chewing man named Harry Anger—whose name is misleading, since he's a very gentle man. Anger is also a very important man in this age of television "guest stars." His job is to find and sign the most interesting and talented guest stars for the show . . . and his choices are seldom disputed. Also at the meeting is Henry Howard, the assistant producer, who has been with the show since its inception.

This rather small "gang" goes over the script, irons out its particular problems. They also, at this meeting, work out the general approach to the show for the following week, thus staying ahead of the game as much as possible. This is not always perfectly possible. For instance, the week that Pope Pius XII passed away, Goodman Ace, the chief writer was relaxing at home. He was reading a book, comfortable in the knowledge that it was Friday, the day before the show and all was set. Then the phone rang. It was Perry.

A few simple and appropriate words about Pope Pius were needed. Could Ace help out on this? Ace went right to the typewriter and, by the final rehearsal, Perry had a moving speech which embodied his true feelings about the passing of the spiritual leader. So, like this, every week has its own special script problems.

But the script is only one stone in the great color mosaic of the show. At three P.M., on Monday, there is a music meeting in which Conductor Mitchell Ayres, Ray Charles and several arrangers are joined by a slim, lissome man who is responsible for the fanciful cavorting of the dancers. He is the choreographer, Louis Da Pron. Everything to do with music and dance is chewed over at this confab. Each person's job often overlaps another's . . . Ray Charles has to know the general style of the Mitch Ayres' arrangements, in order to plan that of his vocal arrangements which will be sung with the orchestra . . . Louis Da Pron has to be completely conversant with the musical ideas in order to plan his dance patterns.

The amazing thing about this brand of show-business preparation is not only how much planning it takes, but that such planning doesn't always prevent the unexpected. Once, after a week of extensive dance rehearsals with a very famous guest star, a disaster almost happened. The guest star went into the beginning of her dance routine, and suddenly . . . with millions of people watching her every movement, she forgot it . . . she drew a complete blank.

Thinking fast, Louis Da Pron, hidden off-camera, signalled for her attention and did the dance right there so that she could follow him, step by step, movement by movement. The star's dance was considered a great success . . . but only the crew and cast knew that it was at least as much Da Pron's triumph.

"It was kind of an exciting challenge, that emergency was," Da Pron said at a recent rehearsal. "But I wouldn't go through it again for a doubled Nielsen rating."

The inventive musicians and choreographer are joined at four P.M. by every creative and administrative person on the staff. Here Clark Jones, a man with a serious manner but also an underlying wit and humor, goes over the major problems facing everyone for this week's show and listens, like a good commanding officer, to questions and requests. This is where you can see his creative stamp put on the show.

The following morning, everyone springs into frantic motion. Mitchell Ayres is busy on his arrangements for the orchestral music, as is Ray Charles on the vocal music. Michi, the Japanese beauty who must clothe every single person on the show, is off on her search. "Because of the time limitations," Michi confesses, "I usually end up adapting—rather than designing and executing—costumes. I go off hunting for the right material and dresses of the right general style. My hunting grounds are often pretty fancy, like Hattie Carnegie, Dior, Fontana . . . or as often as not, I just plunge into Seventh Avenue and dig, like any other buyer.

"Sometimes, though," Michi says with a laugh, "the search is more exotic. Like the time I had to produce a jacket for Liberace. . . . a jacket with a neon-lighted sign on the back. That was quite a task—but I got it," she adds proudly.

The guest stars, too, have quite a job . . . and their first one consists of getting accustomed to a rehearsal studio called Dance Players . . . a typical Broadway center for jazz bands, stage plays and television show rehearsals. (Though "typi-

cally Broadway," it would naturally be located on Sixth Avenue.) Here, in grimy, unglamorous surroundings, the various groups rehearse, separately and together.

In one room: Twenty singers being run through their paces by Ray Charles. In another room: Anywhere from eight to twelve dancers leap and pirouette while Louis Da Pron beats time and sometimes flies into the air himself, to demonstrate a point. In still another room: Four guest stars working out their lines and song or dance cues.

Then, when the basic patterns have been established, there is an interchange which is a little like the trading of baseball players from team to team. "I need Shirley Booth," Louis Da Pron announces to Clark Jones. "We have to run over that dance she'll do in the 'Carmen' satire."

"Sorry, Louis," is the answer. "She's not through working with the chorus. Then she's got a fitting with Michi. But, right after that, she's yours." This sort of thing is inevitable when an army of people with apparently different jobs are working together. But the results are always a smooth performance in every department . . . and together.

Meanwhile, Paul Barnes, the set designer, having completed his plans for the sets and props, is supervising the building of new ones or the discovery and requisitioning of old ones. For this aspect alone, a regiment of assistants and workmen is needed.

Finally, when Friday rolls around, everyone gathers at the Ziegfeld Theater (once a landmark of the legitimate stage, but now one of the most important television studios in New York). Here, in the morning, can be heard the sounds of a great thirty-three-piece orchestra. They are playing, for the first time, the music which Mitchell Ayres and Ray Charles have sweated over all week. They begin at nine-thirty A.M. and it will be a long day for most of the people in the show . . . sometimes ending as late as eleven-thirty P.M.

In the middle of the afternoon, the cameramen—headed by Jack Bennett, who's been with the Como show for four years—arrive. For a full hour, these cameramen do something which is as mysterious as witchcraft, to the average viewer, and yet is something without which no one would ever enjoy the blessing of color TV. They run a "test pattern" which is simply a means of testing each of the three color tubes in a TV color camera, to be sure that they will make a good picture, with clarity and good color.

So much for the witchcraft. There are simpler things that are just as important, such as the fact that color cameras are three times as heavy as ordinary black-and-white cameras; and they are powered by three times as many cables. In fact, there is one man on each camera assigned to the task of picking up and holding these heavy cables. All, so that you at home will not hear a distracting rumble whenever the camera moves in close for a shot of Perry, or pulls away swiftly for a long view of the Ray Charles Singers.

At the same time, deep in the downstairs depths of the Ziegfeld, Michi and her assistants, assorted seamstresses and so forth, are having fittings. Girls' costumes are especially carefully checked for decently covered decolletage, since the Como show is the most "family" of the family shows. Once, when a very famous foreign beauty was a guest star, Michi found herself so dazzled by the woman's beauty that she just let her costumes go without checking too carefully . . . and there were all sorts of repercussions the next day. Michi has vowed: Never again.

Perry, of course, as the star of the show, gets an extra-special costume going-over. But, even so, there have been near-disasters. On one show, he wore a glossy silk tie with a thin stripe. For some reason best known to the gods of TV, when he was on camera, the tie's pattern kept jumping to the eye. Michi was waiting just off-camera and, the minute Perry stepped out of range, she grabbed him, changed his tie and got him back on camera exactly in time.

Having been fitted out for his costume, Perry then rehearses the bantering lines he and Frank Gallop, the announcer, will have together. Their amusing raillery about "breaking," "bending" and otherwise distorting the station (in simple English: "station break") has become a comedy byword on the show, and this is one of the easiest parts of the rehearsal.

The following morning—show day—all the parts of this gigantic jig-saw puzzle are put in place. The thirty-five to forty people who may appear on camera in any one show are subjected to the make-up and hair-styling that would go into the preparation of a major Broadway musical.

On-stage and before the cameras, there is a complete, technical run-through. Then, Clark Jones sums up how the show looks and what still remains to be smoothed out. By the time the dress rehearsal arrives, it's running like a well-oiled machine, and people who will witness the telecast are already drifting into the orchestra of the theater.

Then, suddenly, it is almost zero hour. Thirty stagehands have set up the scenery . . . thirty engineers (including the cameramen) are at work on technical polishing . . . thirty-three musicians are tuning up . . . ten production assistants are doing last-minute checking . . . a cast of thirty-five is in costume and ready . . . twenty pages have escorted members of the audience to their seats.

Now, the amazing scope of color TV can be seen. A light flashes on, and they're on the air. But . . . the opening credits and commericals are not coming from the stage where Perry stands in readiness. They are beamed from a mile away: Studio 4J in Rockefeller Center. Then, at the Ziegfeld, one of the engineers throws a switch—and Perry Como is on the air.

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Then, as calmly as if he had not just participated in one of the greatest mass efforts and achievements of modern times, Perry steps forward and begins to sing: "Dream along with me . . . I'm on my way to a star . . ."

In the words of a white-haired old lady from the Middle West, who attended a Perry Como telecast recently and looked around the stage at the swarm of people bringing the show to life, "Why, it's a miracle!"

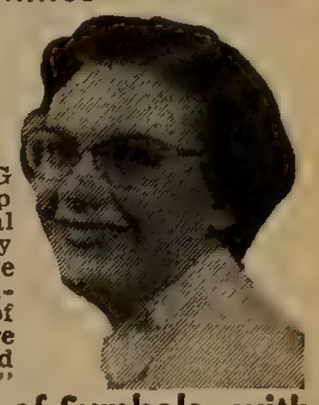
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The Real Glamour Men of TV

(*Continued from page* 61)

off a news source by being outspoken and sometimes unflattering about a particular subject in the news. The wily propagandist will always talk with you, even if he feels you're not sympathetic. He always has the confidence *he* can sway *you*, and besides he prefers to have a showcase rather than not have one . . . I think he also respects anybody who is independently courageous."

Chet's favorite type of newsman is the late Elmer Davis. Of the current crop, he admires young David Brinkley, about thirty-seven and some ten years his junior, with whom he is seen on the daily *Huntley-Brinkley Report.* "I believe I missed out in not having been trained on a newspaper first," Chet reflects. He still hankers to do a stint from a city room and would, if he got the chance. As one of the exception-to-the-rule TV journalists who never had newspaper background, he's in good company—Edward R. Murrow, and Douglas Edwards were not grounded in the Fourth Estate, either.

He is always ready to travel. In recent months, Chet has been to Europe four times—three times to Paris, once to Lebanon—with plenty of domestic coast-to-coast traveling interspersed. Chet's passport, cluttered with visa stamps, is in order at all times and he gets his booster shots every two years. His passport photo is the usual unflattering, stark, prisoner-type, but he isn't vain about it.

Chet didn't know it, when we asked him, "How fast can you pack?"—but he won the getaway sweepstakes from Walter Cronkite and John Secondari. He stated positively he could make it for anywhere in a flat minute and thirty seconds. In the bottom leftside drawer of his office desk there are two shirts, razor and razor blades. He stuffs them in his briefcase. He wears the suit he has on, and that's it. He's off. He's got the same arrangement at home.

The moon? "Sure, I'd love to go," Huntley says, albeit dispassionately. "I wouldn't want the story if it meant giving my life—not for any story. I'm not that kind of an eager beaver," he emphasizes without a blink of his ice-blue eyes.

John Secondari has one credit in his past that is bound to overshadow any of his journalistic accomplishments. He's the broodily romantic fellow who wrote the novel, "Coins in the Fountain," from which the motion picture, "Three Coins in the Fountain," was adapted. He is no one-book man, either. The eligible, thirty-nine-year-old Chief of ABC's Washington News Bureau has written three novels and is currently at work on his fourth, tentatively titled "In the Days of Our Youth."

Literary inspirations do not encroach on the eleven hours daily which Secondari gives to preparing for his weekly half-hour Sunday show, *Open Hearing.* More and more televiewers are tuning in to hear the meticulously-constructed language, the educated diction, the thoughtful reports of soul-faced sentimentalist John Secondari. Born in Rome but schooled in the United States since the age of five, he retains the European respect for self-cultivation—instilled, no doubt, by his father, Dr. Epaminonda Secondari, a cardiologist, and his mother Dr. Linda Secondari, formerly a professor at the University of Rome.

Secondari made his first appearance before the TV cameras only two years ago, in a brief five-minute analysis of the Hungarian uprising. In spite of the fact he had been trained to use a mike some eighteen years before, television terrified him into vocal paralysis. "There were ten seconds of silence," he recalls, "then a squeaky voice—not at all mine, they tell me—which opened up and at last carried on."

These days, Secondari shows no apparent nervousness on the screen. He is more "humiliated" by the make-up job which must precede his telecast than by anything else he can think of. "The director forces me into it—says I must cover the shadow of my beard. I yell every time. The pancake make-up ruins my shirts and suits," he complains, looking dapper in a snappy brown tweedy suit.

Secondari does without a writers' staff and prepares his own scripts. He thinks his background as a novelist gives him the advantage of being able to inject "the truth and believability of good fiction into non-fiction, making for a more dramatic presentation of the news." He has the face of preoccupation and slight sadness because, he explains, he is a "chronic thinker." He feels that reporting is the hardest kind of hard work. "It takes constant talking to people, reading, thinking, extracting what comes out of where—above all, how to make information *useful.*"

"There is no such thing as the romantic school of journalism left, no Richard Harding Davis days," he says. "Today, it is a romance of the intellect, an adventure of the mind, rather than a physical spectacle." He has an instinctive distrust of the reporter who is working for "thrills"—which, he states emphatically, is not the first function of the job. As an example of how un-thrilling a story may be, yet most important and tremendously satisfying, he cites his beat on the Orval Faubus-Little Rock situation.

"Within four hours after learning of the Little Rock crisis, I was in Arkansas and had organized a panel of four newsmen to be with me," he says. "There was nothing gay or thrilling about this story, but it had to be told on the spot and as lucidly as possible."

Secondari stayed in Little Rock another five days to parlay his scoop over the other networks. His Faubus story made the front pages of almost every major newspaper in America. This indeed helped the prestige of ABC, which has been making a huge effort to match the news-coverage excellence of its rival networks. In the past two years, the network's traveling news tribe has chalked up enough mileage to have circled the globe eight times.

While Secondari pooh-poohs the thrill aspects of his work, he nevertheless comes by them now and then. He was the reporter who investigated the still unsolved murder of fellow American correspondent George Polk. "I was in Rome at the time. I received a phone call at six A.M. informing me of George's tragic end. By ten that same morning, I had obtained a Greek visa, packed, and boarded a plane, heading for the remotest place I've ever been—Cavalle, Greece. After the plane, I took a motor boat, horse—and, finally, my own legs—to the point of inquiry. The intrigue, the whirlwind pace, the strange territory, had all the earmarks of a Hollywood scenario."

Although Secondari is "pro" enough to go along with a rush departure whenever need be—and can be packed in six minutes—he prefers ship travel. "The gradual change helps me to formulate what I am doing, and, of course, I love the luxury of long days on the ocean. I think fast travel is a waste, anyway," he says. "It takes me about a week after a plane ride to assimilate what I'm doing."

Unlike other gadabout correspondents who often need interpreters, he speaks fluently in Italian, French, Spanish, Ger-

man and, of course, English. He enjoys the stimulation of "switching tongues and adapting to the local language color"—which may be one reason he hasn't the slightest desire to get to the pale, silent moon.

A widower for five years, he has a good-looking eight-year-old son, John Gerry—"one of the tall Secondaris," says Senior, making reference to his own middle height of just under five-feet-eight. Young John shares his dad's six-room apartment in Du Pont Circle, Washington, D.C.

Does Secondari have an advantage over most of his colleagues in not having wife trouble when he has to make a quick get-away? "I suppose so, but it is a hard price to pay for loneliness," he says frankly, his warm brown eyes full of remembrance.

Somehow word gets out that a man is unmarried and available. Secondari's fan mail bulges with long six-page letters from women who write about everything but his program. Nevertheless, he stresses, "there are no plans for marriage." He maintains an apartment in Rome which he has not lived in since the motor-accident death of his beautiful young wife. "I have willed the house to my son, but I cannot live in it now."

Walter Cronkite has an eight-year-old daughter Mary Kathleen—"born on the day of the Inchon landings"—who knows how to retaliate when she gets miffed with her daddy: She threatens to grow up and become a commentator *on another network*. This is a very perceptive glimpse of the vastly congenial Walter, who's passed on some of his teasing good humor and practical competitiveness to at least one of his three offspring.

Cronkite is a TV journalist who's almost never been without a sponsor, since three days after his first TV appearance in July, 1950. "I think the ideal sponsor for a news program should be something dignified," he says lightheartedly—though he himself has not always been "dignified." Cronkite has gone from beeps to newsbeats, having played raucous clarinet for the Cliff Dreschner Cowboy Band in Houston, Texas.

Skinny in those days, only 135 pounds for a six-foot frame, Cronkite today, at a prime forty-two, shows what's happened to him since 1939, when he married "Betsy," the former Mary Elizabeth Maxwell of Missouri, his own home state. He now weighs 185 and wonders where it will all end if Betsy doesn't stop feeding him so enthusiastically. Pert-featured and honey-redhaired, Betsy stops herself at a neatly figured size-ten, 110 pounds.

Frequently a "news widow" while her husband is off in foreign lands in pursuit of the big story, Betsy claims she is a captivated fan of Walter's and has learned how to live with work separations. "The story isn't going to last forever. I'm not a possessive woman," she says, wrinkling up her small nose coolly.

Only once did Betsy's calm desert her. That was at the end of 1945, when she hadn't seen her combat correspondent husband in four years. "I got tired of waiting. I hopped a ship to England and caught up with him—yes, I had to introduce myself. Then I chased him to Brussels, where I stayed five months. I haven't chased him anywhere since. I don't like to be in his way when he's working . . . but I would like to go to the moon with him."

Walter is prepared to face two kinds of shocks, physical and mental, on moon life and therefore discourages Betsy about sharing this particular story—which he's certain will come soon. "Besides, who'd look after our brood?" he wants to know. The Cronkites have baby Walter III, not yet two, Mary Kathleen, 8, and Nancy Elizabeth, 10. Firstborn Nancy arrived nine years after Betsy and Walter were married. "It's hard to get a start when you're an absentee husband," Walter quips, "but we made it."

There is an unswerving understanding in the Cronkite household that, whenever the banner headline speaks, Walter is off, dragging his hastily-packed wash 'n' drip-dry underwear and socks and portable washline. "He sends everything to the laundry, anyway," Betsy snickers good-naturedly. It takes him twenty minutes to pack, for he picks out his most "sincere" ties—blue and brown—plus two button-down white shirts and a couple of extra ties. This is in great restraint, since at home he is a clothes hound with a mad passion for saving every old tie he's ever owned, especially the spotted ones.

"I like character marks," Cronkite declares. "When I go before the cameras, every makeup man wants to camouflage the circles under my eyes which cost me a fortune at recreation to acquire. Why remove it? Lines are part of one's bearing and demeanor. I believe it is a mistake to wipe them out. Who wants to be pretty?" he asks, looking—well, almost "pretty," as he flashes blue eyes and wags a shock of sandy hair not yet thinned with "character."

As an offshoot of his TV fame and prospective affluence, Cronkite once hired a press agent, thinking this might give more exposure to the exclusive stories cabled to him from the network's stable of deserving foreign correspondents. "What a mistake!" he recalls with a shudder. "This press agent began planting column gossip that I hired only well-built secretaries, that I was seen at this and that place with—well, every doll but my wife." The press agent was fired in three weeks, during which time Betsy was understandably having trouble being the usual "good scout."

Cronkite's advice to budding TV journalists, since he is asked so often, is this: Get a good foundation on a medium-sized newspaper, then try the finishing-school rivalry of a news service job (Cronkite was a United Press man for eleven years). Study history, government, economics, science (I'm terrible in all these subjects!" he confesses). Cronkite feels the successful TV reporter must also learn to be rather practical ("how to get and keep sponsors is a must"). He believes television could use "more diligent seekers of news who show consistent and reliable talent . . . you can't afford to dispatch someone to the other end of the earth and not hear from him for six months."

Cronkite spent six weeks in England, France, Germany, Italy, Libya and other faroff points for this year's *Air Power* series (summer replacement for *The Twentieth Century*) and, at this writing, has had a home stay for longer than usual. Betsy and the children wonder because he's been such a constant sight around their ten-room Gracie Square home in Manhattan and, on weekends, in their Carmel, New York country residence. "He'll disappear soon," Betsy predicts, "and won't write a line—never does—but if I just don't get any insurance, I'll be very happy."

To us, it seems that our hopalong journalists have a remarkable lot of things in common, while emerging nonetheless with their own distinct personalities, professional methods and beliefs. They are serious yet adventurous, curious yet not foolhardy, homebodies yet restless travelers, romantic, yet practical, vigorously male yet unselfconscious. They all have a sense of drama—but the news comes first. And all are blessed with resonant, attractive voices summoned up from confident hearts.



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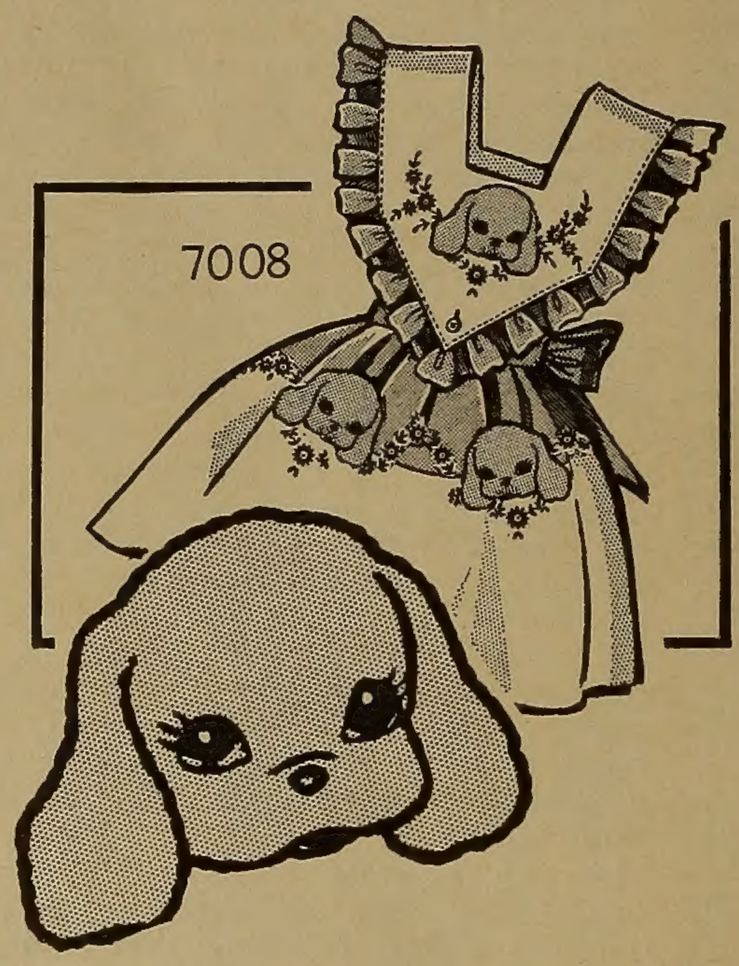
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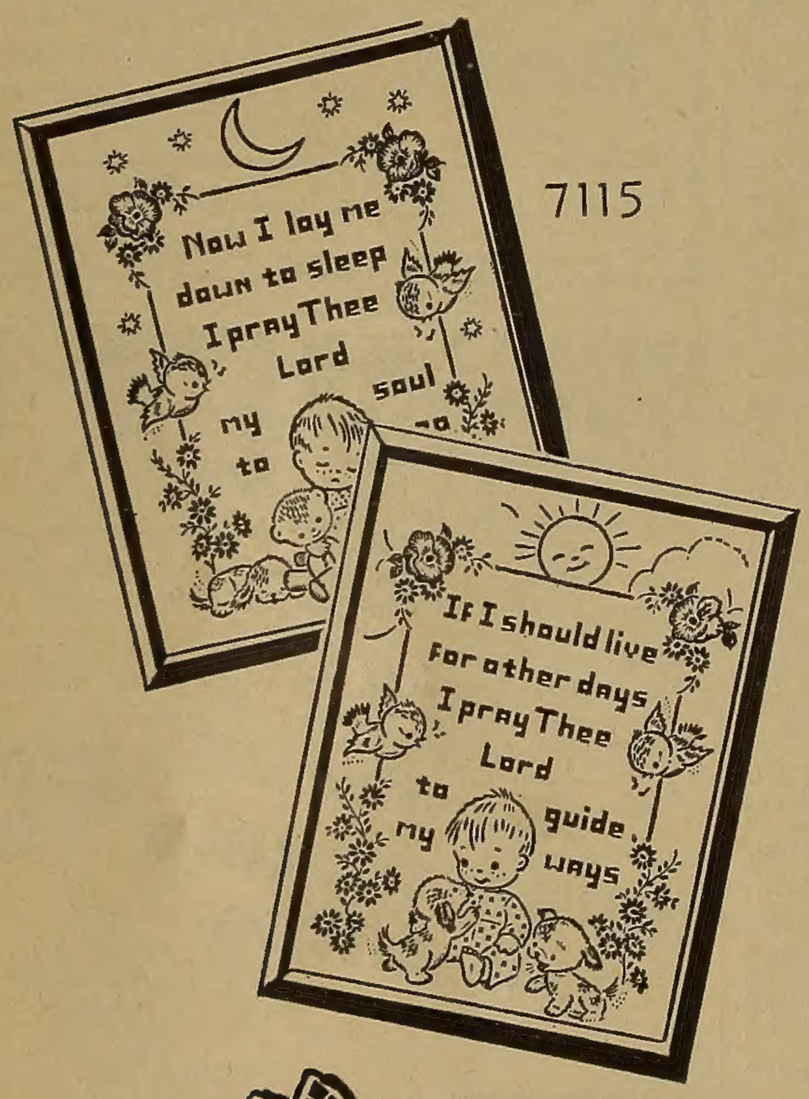
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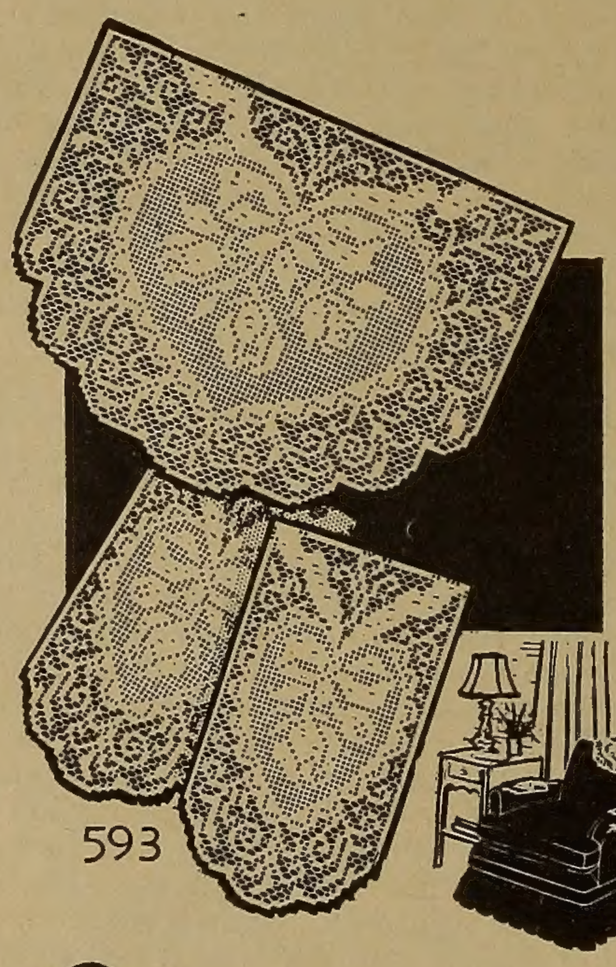
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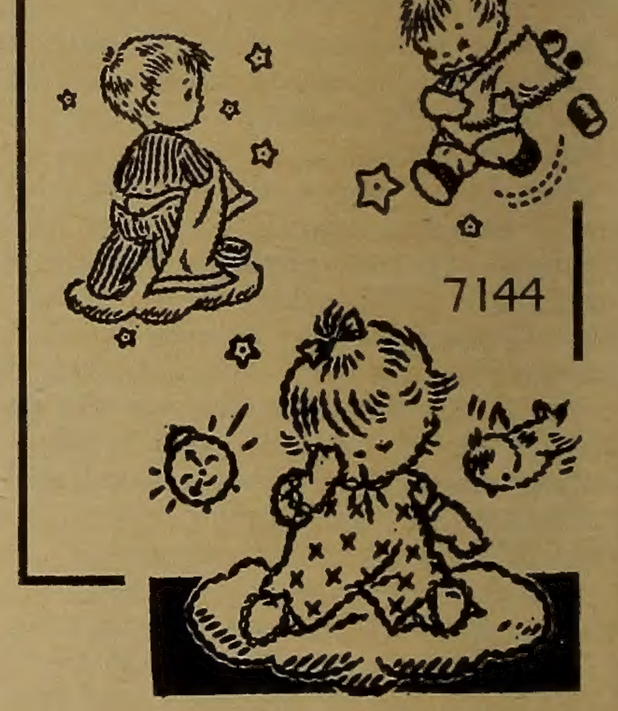


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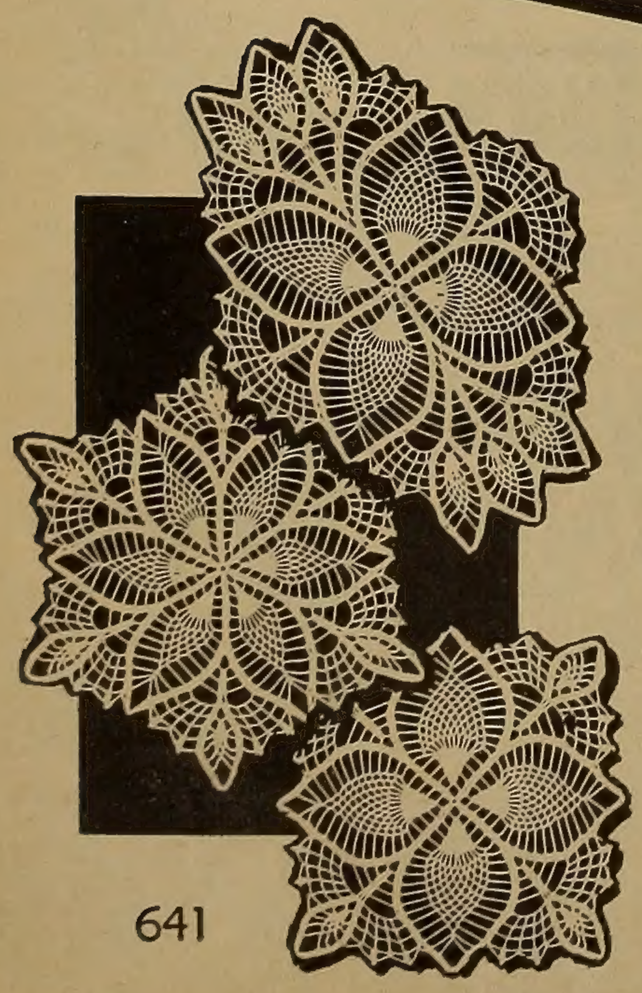


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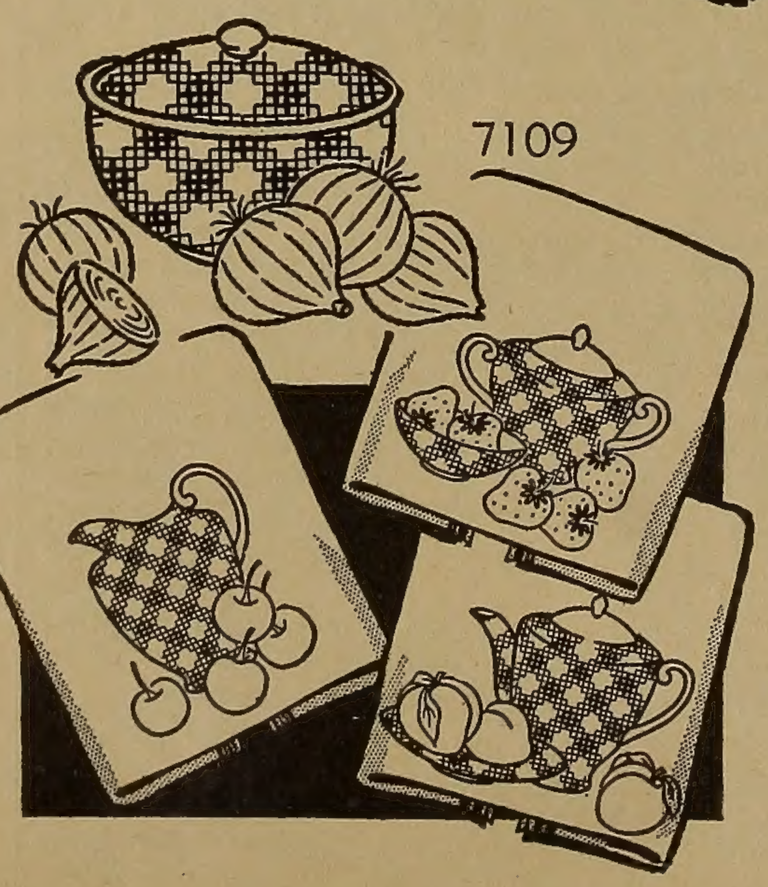




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